OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."....SHAKSPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

In turning over the sacred books, we find them full of various information concerning the interest which GOD hath taken in man from the very first, and the schemes which he hath on foot to ameliorate our state, the desire he hath to contribute to our present happiness, and the view he hath for our future glory. He presents himself as our father, who first breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and ever since hath nourished and brought us up as children.—He declares himself to have prepared the earth for our habitation; and for our sakes to have made its womb teem with various food, with beauty and with life. For our sakes no less he garnished the Heavens and created the whole host of them with the breath of his mouth, bringing the sun forth from his chamber every morning with the joy of a bridegroom and a giant's strength, to shed his cheerful light over the face of creation, and draw blooming life from the bosom of the earth. From him also was derived the wonderful workmanship of our frames—the eye in whose orb of beauty is pencilled the whole orbs of Heaven and of earth, for the mind to peruse and know and possess and rejoice over, even as if the whole universe were her own—the ear, in whose vocal chambers are entertained harmonious numbers, the melody of rejoicing nature, the welcomes and salutations of friends, the whisperings of love, the voices of parents and children, with all the sweetness and the power that dwell upon the tongue of man. His also is the gift of the beating heart, flooding all the hidden recesses of the human frame with the tide of life—his the cunning of the hand, whose workmanship turns rude and raw materials to such pleasant forms and wholesome uses—his the whole vital frame of man, which is a world of wonders within itself, a world of bounty, and, if rightly used, a world of finest enjoyments. His also are the mysteries of the soul within—the judgment, which weighs in a ballance all contending thoughts extracting wisdom out of folly, and extracting order from confusion, the memory, recorder of the soul, in whose books are chronicled the accidents of the changing world, and the fluctuating mood of the mind itself; fancy, the eye of the soul, which scales the Heavens and circles round the verge and circuits of all possible existence; hope, the purveyor of happiness, which peoples the hidden future with brighter forms and happier accidents than ever possessed the present, offering to the soul the foretaste of every joy; affection, the nurse of joy, whose full bosom can cherish a thousand objects without being impoverished, but rather replenished, a storehouse inexhaustible towards the brotherhood and sisterhood of this earth, as the storehouse of GOD is inexhaustible to the universal world; and conscience, the arbitrator of the soul, and the touchstone of the evil and the good, whose voice within our breast is the echo of the voice of GOD. These, all these, whose varied action and movement constitute the maze of thought, the mystery of life, the continuous chain of being—GOD hath given us to know that we hold of his hand, and during his pleasure, and out of the fullness of his care.—*Irvine.*

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

If a man can find no enjoyment, except when directly engaged in seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must be necessarily limited as well as selfish. But if, with the love of GOD and the love of man reigning in his heart, he takes delight in rendering others happy, his sources of pleasure must be abundant and perpetual. To cultivate a spirit of benevolence is at once then our interest and our duty. "Look not every man on his own things," says the benevolent apostle, "but every man also on the things of others. Remember the words of our Lord Jesus, how he said it is more blessed to give than to receive." Remember the exigencies of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted, and of the ignorant; and connect with their miseries their claims; their claims on your commiseration, your time and property. Think how many of your fellow creatures, with natural susceptibilities of delight not inferior to your own, are altogether strangers to your happiness, and destitute of the moral and divinely prescribed means of discovering the way to its attainment! Are not myriads perishing for lack of knowledge? Are you not in possession of the treasures of Divine truth, by which they may become "wise unto salvation, and happy through an unchanging eternity?" Remember that he, who winneth souls to the paths of peace and glory, is, by the highest authority, "wise"; he is wise in seeking, for himself and for others, the happiness of immortality; for they who are thus wise "shall hereafter shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

MASONRY.

It has been well and truly observed, that this "*consolidated association*" is not the "offspring of a day;" a flower that blooms to-day, in all its variegated beauty and richness, and fades and dies to-morrow; but it is the result of time, experience, wisdom, labour and benevolence united. Masonry, either operative or speculative, has existed in all ages of the world. This simple fact stamps it with a character that should raise it above the censure of the capricious. For it is a self-evident truth, that no institution can long exist, that is based in folly, founded in ignorance, and contaminated with vice. This is an universally acknowledged and sound maxim. What but the all-powerful principles of philanthropy, harmony, truth, fidelity and equality, could unite so many persons of such diversified characters, feelings and tastes, as belong, and as have always belonged to this society? It is true, that alliances have been formed by sages, scholars, philosophers, heroes and patriots, and which, at first, promised much, and augured a fulfilment of the most sanguine expectations; but some sudden convulsion has arrested their progress, and buried them in oblivion. And the reason is, because their principles are not equitable and good; because they had not that imperishable base of brotherly love and union, which is the corner-stone of our temple, on which to build a superstructure. An institution that has not for its end the good and happiness of man, is not approved by Heaven, nor sanctioned by that person, through whose soul the "milk of human kindness" and brotherly love, in gentle currents flow. From the fact therefore, that this institution has existed in all ages; that it has stood, as it were, "the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," may be drawn an irrefragible argument in favour of its superiority over all other societies, and of its bearing the divine impress of goodness and wisdom.

The primary objects of this temple, as we sometimes call it, are to instruct the ignorant; impart light to them that sit in darkness; improve the social virtues; cultivate and mature the principles of friendship; correct the taste; promote the felicity of the family of man, and lessen the mass of human wo. This temple is a repository; in it are deposited an abundance of spiritual provisions, such as please the eye of the devotional soul, charm the ear of sensibility and gratify the desires of a pure heart.

We ask, where is the Christian, where the philanthropist, that will not rejoice at the dissemination of such sublime principles.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

London, 15th August, 1825.

We have been in the British Metropolis ten days, every hour of which, save the ordinary deductions for sleep and refreshment, has been occupied in obtaining a knowledge of the prominent features of the city. After much fatigue, accompanied with much pleasure, our survey for the present has been completed; and before leaving for the North, I proceed to give you a hasty and imperfect sketch of our observations. The first objects which arrest the attention of a stranger are most known to the generality of readers; and it is a hopeless task, to attempt to impart interest or novelty to what so many tourists have examined and described.

But to waste no paper in apologies:—it was our wish as soon as practicable, to obtain a bird's-eye view of London, and an early visit was therefore paid to St. Paul's Church, occupying an elevated position in the heart of the city, and rising to the height of about four hundred feet from its foundation. This gigantic and noble structure stands upon Ludgate Hill, on the northern bank of the Thames, at a little distance from the water, on the site of an ancient church, which was burned in the general conflagration of 1666. Nine years afterwards, the present edifice was commenced by the celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to complete it, with the aid of one master-mason, in thirty-five years after its foundation was laid. A curious though perhaps fabulous anecdote is related respecting its commencement. Sir Christopher directed a labourer to bring a stone, to be planted as a landmark under the centre of the dome, and on the ruin of the old church. The workman accidently brought a small fragment of a tomb-stone, upon which was the word "*resurgam*"—I shall rise again—being a part of an ancient inscription. It was applied to the resurrection of the building as well as of the body, and was accounted a good omen, cheering the zealous architect in his labours.

The modern edifice is of Portland stone, which has been discoloured by the influence of the weather, according as its several parts are more or less exposed. Portions of it retain the original hue of the material, while others are rendered grey and black, by the storms which have beaten against it for more than a century. At a little distance, the exterior assumes the aspect of well defined lights and shades in a picture. Unlike most other churches in the kingdom, St. Paul's is built in the Grecian style of architecture, embracing several orders, and fashioned after the purest models. Its situation, however, conveys an impression that its dome is much too large for the body. It is entirely surrounded by high brick buildings, rising nearly to the elevation of its walls, and obstructing the view at all points, except the opening of streets, converging and meeting at the yard. The dome is a prominent object, seen from nearly every part of the city and its suburbs, while the structure upon which it stands is entirely concealed. The best *coup d' œil* is from Ludgate-street, presenting a view of the two towers, upon the western end, a part of the cupola, and the majestic porch forming the principal entrance, together with the colossal figures of apostles, saints, and kings, which crown the summit of the edifice. It is built in the form of a cross, five hundred feet from east to west, and two hundred and eighty-five feet in the widest part, technically denominated the transept. The whole covers an area of more than two acres.

Having paid our fee of admission at the north door, we commenced an examination of the interior, which occupied several hours. A description in detail would swell to a volume, and be two heavy a draught upon the patience of my readers. Some half a dozen guides in succession conducted us to every part of the building. In the south-western turret is a spiral flight of steps, mounting to the height of about seventy feet, denominated "the *geometrical* stair-case;" for what reason our guide could not explain. It was pronounced to be the greatest work of the kind in Europe. In the opposite turret is the belfry. The machinery of the clock and bell is on a scale commensurate with the gigantic proportions of the edifice. There is in the hall a model of the minute hand of the clock, which measures eight or nine feet in length, and moves round a circumference of fifty-seven feet. The ponderous wheels and hammers resemble the engine of a steam-boat, and the tower trembles with the jarring sound of the bell, which weighs upwards of eleven hundred, and may be heard twenty miles.

In the south side of the second story, there is a spacious apartment appropriated to the Library, for the use of the clergy officiating in the Cathedral. It contains a large collection of books, with some valuable manuscripts, the rarest of which were shewn to us. The floor is a curiosity. It is of British oak, laid in small pannels, like a mosaic pavement, and composed of almost innumerable pieces. On the opposite side is another spacious room, containing a model of a church resembling St. Paul's, except that it has but one turret at the end. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and is said to have been his favourite plan, which was overruled by the opinions of others, or modified by circumstances. There are some other architectural designs of his in the apartment; as also the funeral decorations, used in the interment of Lord Nelson.

At the base of the dome is "the whispering gallery," with a massive iron-railing, and walk leading quite round it. The view both above and below is extremely grand. Stationing himself on the side opposite to us, at the distance of something more than a hundred feet, the guide gave, in whispers distinctly heard, an explanation of the lofty painted ceiling, which resembles that of Chatsworth, and is liable to the same objections. It is covered with splendid allegories, which none but the artist himself would probably be able to understand. It was executed by Sir James Thornhill, who lay the greater part of his life upon his back, in touching off these gorgeous ornaments. A story is told of his miraculous escape, while employed upon this work. On completing the image of one of his saints, he heedlessly retreated to the very verge of the scaffolding to observe the effect of the picture. A friend, who was with him, perceiving his imminent danger, seized the brush and daubed the image, whereupon the artist rushed forward in a fit of passion, to demand the reason of such conduct, and was thereby rescued from danger. These circumstances are too complex to be credible.

Around the dome, at the base of the Cupola, on the outside, there is a walk guarded by an iron-railing, the bars of which are nearly corroded asunder by rust. The immense panorama of London and its environs, stretching on all sides below, as far as the eye can reach, was grand and interesting beyond description. Objects so far beneath our feet were reduced to a diminutive size; and the belles and beaux looked like puppets, hurrying along the side walks. The city including its suburbs, is about thirty miles in circumference, over the whole of which together with much of the circumjacent country, our view extended. A more favourable day could not have been selected. The morning had been showery, and the rain once compelled us to retreat, after walking two miles; but at noon the sky cleared, and the atmosphere was purified of smoke, except at intervals, when clouds of it were rapidly driven by the wind across the town, for a moment intercepting the prospect.

Nearly all the roofs of the buildings of London are covered with red tiles, with earthen pipes to the chimneys of the same colour. The whole area of the city, from such a height seemed covered with this novel ground-work, except where the streets, in the direction of the eye, extended like ravines, or green parks occasionally broke the uniformity and gave relief to the view. Through the heart of the town, for the whole distance, winds "the silver Thames," covered with boats and vessels of all descriptions, and its six bridges between Vauxhall and Deptford full in sight. Uninteresting as its banks are rendered by unbroken ranges of brick walls, the river adds much to the picture. In the distance, a green border, rich in rural scenery, stretches around the whole horizon. This little circle, visible from the top of St. Paul's, and not exceeding ten or fifteen miles in diameter, embraces a population of about two millions—one fourth greater than that of the state of New-York.

Beyond this stage in the ascent our guide did not accompany us; but pointed out the way, and gave us leave to climb to the top for another shilling. The visitant should rather be paid, than pay, for climbing up the remaining seventy feet on perpendicular ladders, since there is nothing to reward his toil, save an occasional peep from the dizzy eminence. We however had the curiosity to ascend, and seated ourselves in the brass ball, at the foot of the cross, which is sufficiently capacious to hold half a dozen persons. Only three of the niches were occupied on this occasion. Although the day below was comparatively tranquil, the wind roared around the turret, with a dull, hollow sound, like that of a furnace. In a violent storm, the peels of thunder and the beating of the tempest against the dome must be grand and terrific.

On descending from this aerial height, another guide conducted us into the vaults of the church, where in darkness and in silence sleep the ashes of the honourable dead. Though the sun was bright above, a more than twilight dimness reigned below; and the portress lighted her lamp at the iron gate, to direct our footsteps among the tombs, and to enable us to read the inscriptions upon the monuments. The sickly rays of the taper, occasionally throwing spectres upon the wall and ceiling, as we groped our way beneath subterranean arches, and the sepulchral echoes of our voices, added to the gloom of the cemetery. Under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's is the tomb of Nelson. The pavement of the church was taken up to make room for the coffin to descend. A circular iron grate, two or three feet in diameter, admits a feeble light from above, and affords a glimpse of the stupendous dome. The hero reposes beneath a noble canopy, and the simplicity of the monument over his body is in perfect contrast to the allegorical and complex decorations in other places. On one side of the sable pedestal of his vault, is inscribed "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The black marble sarcophagus, surmounted with a cushion and coronet, was designed by Cardinal Woolsey for his own interment at Windsor; but a sudden change of fortune and his fall from greatness deprived him of anticipated honours.

In the southern aisle of the *Crypt*, under a half window in the basement, sleeps the dust of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building; and near him were interred, beneath the pavement, the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, and our countryman West—all eminent artists. Plain slabs and equally plain inscriptions designate their tombs. The epitaph of the last mentioned is as follows:—"Here lie the remains of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. He was born at Springfield, in Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania, in America, the 10th of October, 1738, and died at London the 11th of March, 1820." I find no other monument to his memory in the metropolis; but perhaps this is sufficient for an artist who will live in the splendid memorials of his own genius. To others, less distinguished, the breathing marble and pompous epitaph may be more necessary, to tell who they are and what they have done.

On our return from the Vaults, an hour was passed in examining the monuments on the walls, in the body of the church. They are numerous, and some of them splendid, displaying generally more taste than those in Westminister Abbey. Most of them were executed by Westmacott, Bacon, Flaxman, and Chantrey. The general fault is a want of simplicity in the design, and a profusion of ornament, with a long story for an epitaph, which no one would have the patience to read. Of the number most interesting to us, were those in memory of Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Howard the philanthropist, Lord Nelson, and Sir John Moore. These are men whom the world knows—an advantage which some of those, whose names are here enrolled, do not enjoy. Packenham died gallantly, and perhaps deserved his marble, though unfortunate in a bad cause; but what did either Cornwallis or Ross ever do to merit a public monument? There are others, whose claims upon posterity are still more equivocal; while hundreds, whom genius distinguished and the muses loved, sleep neglected. But enough on this topic for the present.

Singapore, in the East Indies, has been ceded to the British East India Company. It is suggested in the Salem Register, that American vessels are excluded by our treaty from trading with Singapore, and that one vessel has been taken. The editor of the Singapore paper remarks, that the population of the settlement amounts to 14,000, and that the trade of the port is free and unfettered, there being neither export nor import duties, no fees for clearances, passes or registers, and no monopolies. The expenses of the establishment are 27,200, and the revenue 87,262.—*B. Pal.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE SEASONS.

When peaceful Summer o'er the country smiles,
And warming suns the genial showers succeed,
The fields enwrap'd in growing lustre wave
Beneath the swelling breeze, and trees and shrubs
Dress'd in their choicest garb of lively green,
Smile o'er the landscape round; while every plant
Maturing fast in vegetable life,
And bowing 'neath the scorching mid-day heat,
Looks cheerful in the shade; 'tis surely then
A pleasant season; yes, when day is past,
And Sol has sunk in peaceful silence down—
Our toil too past, how sweet is our repose!
How cheerful do we rise, our toils renew,
Till gentle evening comes again. But soon
The scene must change, and all the gay remains
Be swept beneath the blast.—Bleak Autumn frost
Soon nips each gay delight—and all is gone.
No more the cheerful warblers tune their song,
Which then so sweetly sung beneath the shade;
But warn'd of the approaching cold have fled,
As if instructed by some friendly hand,
To warmer climes, where summer still doth reign,
And nature smile.

No more the trees afford a welcome shade
For animal and man; their verdure lost,
Nor leaf, nor flower remains; but desolate
And drear, they groan beneath the blast, and sigh
As 'twere amongst themselves, their naked fate.
No more the cheering breeze delights the soul
Of wearied man, faint by excessive heat;
But chang'd to angry, hoarse, and chilling winds,
The cold November blast succeeds again,
And groans along the desolated vale!
Rain too, in torrents, from the store on high,
Descends profuse; while 'long the sloping side
Of every little hill, or rising ground,
The falling water gathering force descends,
Till last, increas'd into a stately stream,
Roars down the vale!

Next Winter comes,
And with his cold, and more than iron grasp,
Binds nature fast. He comes, and with him too,
In all the pomp of monarchy complete,
A stately train. Before his face descends,
In columns thick and harsh, the rattling hail;
And cold Boreas howling o'er the land,
Warns favour'd man of what is soon to come.—
Hard on his track proceeds with rapid march,
And roaring almost thunderlike along
An hurricane of snow. Tremendous scene!
The whitening flakes descend, and all around
Is one, one continued flood of snow complete.
From east to west, far as the eye can view
The wint'ry deluge reigns, and humble earth
Beneath the tyrant's frown, lies hid.
Thrice happy is the man, who now can sit
Beside his fire so dear, nor feel the storm
That drives without: for many now perhaps,
E'en while I write, are sinking in the snow:
While all the horrors of untimely death
Their heaving bosoms swell; till overcome
By cold, at last they sink to rise no more.
Think ye, whom foolish pride has taught to feel
Your own, none other's wo, how many now
Afflicted by the cruel hand of fate,
Are suffering by the cold!

How happy, yea, how blessed is our lot,
Who now can sit around the social hearth,
And read, or sing, or chat the hours away,
While all without is stormy, dark and drear.
If winter months one single joy afford,
'Tis surely this, the evenings long and clear.
When some of us perhaps have spent the day
Far from our native homes, how glad are we
To reach our safe abode, tho' humble 'tis,
And hear the sound, from wife and children dear—
'How glad we are you've come.' Such scenes as these
Light up our minds, and give to life a glow,
Though winter reigns without.

Altho' this season is so cold and drear,
The days so short seem almost fill'd with care;
Yet still some pleasant scenes does it afford
By day as well as night. The air serene,
And pure, tho' cold, how pleasant 'tis to hear
The jolly sleigh-bells o'er the plain resound;
While lads and lasses join the social throng,
Participate the pleasures of the ride;
And thus with hearts o'erflow'd with civil joy,
They end the wint'ry day. The Farmer now
With fiery steeds a span, and homely sleigh,
(Himself as homely too, tho' decent clad,)
Flies to the market-town there to exchange
The products of his native farm for those
Of other climes. To all his children dear,
The days seem months. At last he comes, and oh!
What joy and gladness now pervades their minds.
"Pa, have you got me a new gown?" says Jane.
"Where's my new hat?" says yonder little boy,
While every one cries for their something new:
The wife too, says, "pray have you, husband dear,
Brought a good store of Tea;"

Thus winter passes, mixed with joy and pain:
Month after month comes on—they disappear,
And seem but short, at best. Storm after storm
Drives o'er the chatter'd plain, whilst a fair day
Scarce dares to show its head amongst the train.
But, hark! the beauteous, lovely Spring shall wake,
While Sol resplendent mounts his higher throne,
Cold, piercing winds shall cease to scour the plain,
And weeping winter glide in tears away
Before her mild approach. Her gentle hand
Shall wipe away the falling tear in peace,
From off his furrow'd, weather-beaten cheek,
And send him headlong to his dear abode.
Her dewy breath shall cause the naked earth,
So long beneath cold winter's hoary grasp—
So long benumbed in death, to spring again;
And silent nature sing.
Her animating glow shall cause the blade,
The tender blade to shoot, and trees and shrubs,
Which naked long have mourn'd, to wave in green,
And blossom in the shade. The cheerful lark
Shall hail the dewy morn, and smiling sing
Amid the op'ning flowers, which fill the air
With odours sweet, on balmy zephyrs borne.
The same shall bear her tender notes along,
With those of myriads of her sister tribe,
And meet man's favour'd ear.

These, with the blooming beauties nature yields,
The sun just rising o'er the eastern main,
Shall constitute a scene, more pleasing far
Than summer, autumn or which winter yields.

Thus seasons pass; the face of nature dies—
But soon it lives again.—So 'tis with man:
He is, and soon the spring of life commences,
The most delightsome part he has to live.
Next Summer comes, which finds him drown'd in cares,
The middle age of life's excessive heat.
Soon, Autumn's years succeed—grey hairs appear,
And nature's self begins to feel decay:
Then freezing Winter creeps upon his frame,
And tottling life falls in the dread abyss:
Yields up to death! Thus shuts this earthly scene;—
But soon in yonder world, he wakes again
To live a long, an everlasting day.

EDWIN.

THE OLIO.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MERCANTILE ADVERTISER.

REMARKABLE SPRING.

At 12 miles distant from Tallahassee, the new capital of Florida, is the Big Spring, the source of Wakulla river. This celebrated fountain is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States. Ascending the river, about a mile below its source, it becomes so much obstructed by flags and river weeds that it is with great difficulty that a boat can be propelled up the stream; suddenly this immense spring breaks upon the eye. It is nearly one mile in length and of a circular form. The water is almost as transparent as air itself. It is of an unfathomable depth, which gives the water a deep blue tint, similar in appearance to the water in the Gulph Stream. It is stated that a plumb has drawn 250 fathoms of line without finding any bottom. After arriving in the centre of the spring in a small boat upon a clear day, the appearance of the azure vault above, and the blue depth below, gave rise to a succession of the most singular ideas. It appeared after abstracting the surrounding foliage from the mind that we were suspended in the immense regions of space. The water is highly impregnated with decomposed lime-stone, which gives it that extremely transparent appearance which can only be accounted for by supposing that water impregnated with calcarious substances has much less refractive powers for light than water in a state of purity. The temperature of the water is very low, even in the warmest weather it has an icy appearance. It has however a nauseous taste by being highly impregnated with the sulphurat of lime. On the northern side of this spring, a beautiful hammock rises gently from the water. This is the site of the former English Factory for the Indian trade while this country was under the British crown, and afterwards the residence of the celebrated Ambrister, who was executed during the Seminole campaign. This fountain if fed from the subterraneous sources which gush from the bowels of the earth with incredible force, rising in the centre with the velocity of boiling water. Some idea may be formed of the power with which it gushes from the earth, by its displaying a column of water more than 250 fathoms in height, and removing with violence the water on the surface. This spring is about 12 miles from St. Mark, and about 20 from the ocean.

MINERAL PHENOMENON.

Haycliff mine now no longer worked, was once the grand depository of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, provincially called slickensides. The external appearance of this curious species of galena is well known wherever mineralogy has been studied. At the present time good specimens of it are extremely rare, and can only be met with in cabinets that have been long established. In those mines where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcarious spar, contains this exploding ore; the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and is extremely smooth, bright and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other: sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins, of a whitish colour and of powdery consistency.

The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend these rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards an explosion follows, so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must, consequently, be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety, to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful, that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than two hundred fathoms.

When the Haycliff mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the one. Unfortunately for himself, he paid little attention to the admonitions of his fellow-miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the rocky fragments in every direction through the whole vacuity of Haycliff mine. Thick boards of ash at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches in diameter. The poor man was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with his life. The impression made upon his mind by this incident determined him on his recovery, to discontinue the dangerous trade of mining.

The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Haycliff mine has been mentioned by Whitehurst, in his theory of the formation of the Earth. It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds weight. During the explosion," he adds, "the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned: and if correct, what an idea it conveys of the immense force required to disseyer, from a solid mass of internal rock, so formidable a weight!

From Noah's Advocate.

[The following letter from Joe Strickland announces his good luck again at Arnold's:]

IN THE BULL'S HED,
Jennywerry 24.

Gloryus Unkle Ben—Thees fu lynes kum hoppin yew ar wel, un informin yew that I'me as slik as an eal. I gess yew aint furgot thut I rit yew that if Arnold sold the darnashun big prize, un I got enny on't, that I'd hev a rale blo out. I did'nt git noan ov thee bigist wun, but I got wun big anuf to by neerly half of Varmount—I went un sede the lotry drord, un as kwick as the big prize kum out, un I nue Arnold soald it, bi thee lord Hary, I gumpt un kapered about as if I'd fawty thowsen bumbell beeze in mi trowses; ole Haze sed if I did'nt keap stil he'd poot mee in pergatary, but I did'nt mind hym kause I'd got munny anuf in mi poket, so I kep hoo-raying az if heven un airth was kumin together—un mi hed haz felt evver sens az bigg az a base drumn—un rings az if it had forta katy didds in't. I smasht mi darnashun long tirn whissle thut I bort when Arnold maid me bosun ov Nores Ark, over a darn bigg fellers hed kaze he rund over un upset mi kuzzen ant Nabby Mahu, un she thort the airthkwaick had kum, un she kikt un skwauld like a hundred tree todes—so I jist piked hur up un for feer she mite git turnd upsyde doun agin if she stade hear. I've sent hur up to Varmount agin, with a saddell bagg chuck full of rale new Kimekell bils that Arnold pade mee for the tikets I bort for yew—part ont is for Dekon Amarian Bigelo un part yourn—so I gess ule find it a darne site beter bisnes thun rasen punkins or makin gunnphlints out ov kow horns. I've got pretty darn rich now, but I shan't kum tu Varmount agin, til I've spekalated a little. I'me goen tu try the new kawperashun to see if I kant make a dikker with um tu suppli the sitty with good un holesum maynure. Last yeer sum long Han fokes got it, but tha did'nt haff du it, kaze sumtimes in doge daze, yew koud'nt pik up moor thun fore ded piggs un a pile ov kats, awl the wa frum Quinches slype tu thee Kawphy hous—if I doant du that, I mene tu tirn a grate man un rite pohetra—I've jist maid wun vairse:

When I kum doun from old Varmount
I'd skaise a sent of kash,
But Arnold's made me thousins kount,
And kut a tarnal dash.
Sich a buty I do gro, du gro, du gro,
Sich a buty I du gro.

When I git it awl dun I'me goin tu sing it in Chatum gardin, where I went tother nite un see'd a feller on the staige loakt jist lyke a rale Varmounter, but he wos frum Tanton, un tha kawl'd hym Jonathan, un wun ov the gals put a kandkercher over his ize, so he koudnt se, un he buss't a neger gal rite afore awl the fokes, un tha awl laft az if heven un airth was kumin together. Arnold ses he waants tu perpetrait mi memary, so I'me goin tu hev mi likelynes tak on ful chizel, tu put in hiz winder, rite side ov hiz pepetrul moshun wheal—when ant Mabby gits hoam, tel Olla Parsons un Squire petty bone, un Lityzon Barroll, tu send tu Arnolds for sum tikits in the Lotry thut drors next weak.

Yre lovin neffure, JOE STRICKLAND.

Mr. Ben Strickland, Varmount.

A CLERICAL JOKE.—A Clergymen, who was celebrated for *hot* preaching, happening to take breakfast with some of the more liberal creed, remarked that the coffee had a singular taste. The rest of the company could discover nothing but the flavour of the bean. The *learned* Clergyman once more applied his gustatories, and was sure it had the taste of *sulphur*. I think, retorted his brother in black, that the coffee is good enough—but you have not got the taste out of your mouth since last Sunday.

"Does your husband expectorate?" said an apothecary in Cheltenham, to a poor Irish woman who had long visited his shop for her sick husband.—"*Expect to ate*, yer honor—no sure, and Paddy does *not* expect to ate—he's nothing at all to ate!" The humane man sent a large basin of *mixture* from a tureen of soup then smoking on the table.

HOUSE & LAND
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Stand which he now occupies—consisting of a good two-story *DWELLING-HOUSE*, well finished, and in good repair—containing four Rooms on the floor, four Chambers, and a good Cellar. A Wood-House, BARN, and a two-story *STORE*, all finished. A good rain-water Cistern, and a Well of water under cover. Three fourths of an acre of LAND, including a Garden, &c.

Also, the West part of Lot numbered 15, in the 6th Range of lots in Paris, containing fifty-four acres, well walled in, and is excellent grass and tillage Land.

Also, seven small Lots of *LAND*—containing from ten to twenty-one acres each—a part of which is as good and well wooded as any in town. The other is good pasturage and tillage land, and is well fenced on the road. Said Land is a part of Lot numbered 11, in the Fourth Range of Lots in Paris.

Likewise, one and a fourth acre of *LAND*, situated about three fourths of a mile from the Court-House in Paris, on which is an excellent stream of water, with a good fall, which, with a very little expense, might be converted into one of the best situations for a tanner, in the County.

The above property will be sold either together or separately, as will best suit the purchaser, and on terms which cannot fail to please. For further information, please call on the subscriber.

A plan of the above property may be seen by calling on ASA BARTON, Esq. at the *Orford Bookstore*.

RUSSELL HUBBARD.

INSURANCE.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the

NEW-ENGLAND
Fire Insurance Company,

incorporated for the express purpose of insuring against losses or damage by fire, with a Capital of *two hundred thousand dollars*, is now ready to receive proposals for insurance, at a very low rate of *premium*—so that people may have perfect security from that kind of loss which the greatest care and attention cannot always prevent, and which frequently reduces, at once, affluent and independent families to poverty and distress.

Payment for all losses will be made within thirty days after the loss shall be ascertained and proved without any deduction whatever.

Paris, Jan. 16, 1826. ASA BARTON.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of DAVID SESSIONS, late of *Andover Surplus*, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall attend that service at AMOS HILLS, Esqr. of Newry, on the first Tuesday of March, first Tuesday of May and the first Tuesday of July, at one of the clock, P. M.

ELI TWITCHELL,
AMOS HILLS, } *Commissioners.*

Dated at Bethel, January 27, 1826. 65

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Newry.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident Proprietors and owners of the following lots of Land, in the town of Newry, County of Oxford, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town of Newry, for the years 1824 and 1825, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Owners' Names.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	State, Town and County Tax.	
				$	$	c
Simeon Bailey,	3	4	200	100	11	52
—— Moody,	3	5				
Steph. Randall,	1	4	100	50	5	76
	1	4	100	50	5	76

1825.	No. of Lots.	Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	State, town and County Tax.		Whole of deficiency Tax for 1824.	
				$	$	c		
Simeon Bailey,	3	4	200	1 00	1	70		
—— Moody,	3	5						
Steph. Randall,	2	4	100	50	0	86	1	00
	1	4	100	50	0	85	1	00

Unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before *Saturday* the *twenty-fifth day of March next*, so much of said land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Vendue at the School-house in the South District in said Newry, at one of the clock in the afternoon of said day.

ANDREW N. STOW,
Collector of Newry.

Newry, Feb. 7, 1826. 65

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Bethel.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of the Lands herein after mentioned, in the town of Bethel, County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for collection, for the State, County and Town, and School Taxes for 1825, and for deficiency of Highway Tax for 1823, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Proprietor's names.	No. of Lot.	Range.	No. of Acres.	State & Co. Tax.	Town & School Tax.	Deficiency of Highway Tax.	Total.
				c.	c.		
N. Bigsby,	1	9	150	12	26		38
Do.	1	10	100	14	29		43
Unknown,	1	12	100	12	26	84	1 22
J. Walker,	1	13	50	6	13		19
C. Stedson,	1	21	100	16	34		50
Unknown,	2	4	100	12	26	84	1 22
Amasa Clark,	2	5	150	12	26	84	1 22
Unknown,	2	12	100	12	26	84	1 22
Wm. Reed,	2	16	100	10	21		31
A. Gage,	2	17	100	12	26		38
Wm. Reed,	2	19	100	12	26		38
J. Grover,	2	21	100	10	25		35
E. Richardson,	2	23	75	10	21		31
Wm. Russell,	2	25	100	12	26		38
N. Bigsby,	3	4	100	12	26		38
Unknown,	3	9	100	10	21		31
Do.	3	11	100	16	34	39	89
D. Grout,	3	12	100	6	13	39	58
—— Little,	3	20	100	12	26		38
E. Rowe,	3	22	30	6	13		19
Unknown,	3	24	100	14	29		43
I. Town, agt.	3	26	100	12	26		38
Unknown,	3	27	100	11	29		40
Do.	4	3	100	6	17		23
Do.	4	2	150			39	39
J. Brenwood,	4	24	50	10	21	39	70
C. Twitchell,	8	25	150	12	26	39	77
D. Grout,	9	20	50	10	21		31
D. Chapman, agt.	9	23	150	10	20	41	71
Unknown,	10	25	150	14	29		43
Do.	10	27	20	3	6		9
Do.	11	20	52			39	39
Do.	11	21	53			39	39
Do.	11	22	20			16	16

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before *Monday* the *twenty seventh day of March next*, so much of said land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O'NEIL N. ROBINSON, in said Bethel, at one of the clock in the afternoon of said day.

AARON MASON, *Collector.*

Bethel, Feb. 3, 1826. 66

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*** All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be *Post-Paid*.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."....SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME II.] PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1826. [NUMBER 88.

THE REFLECTOR.

BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

In turning over the sacred books, we find them full of various information concerning the interest which GOD hath taken in man from the very first, and the schemes which he hath on foot to ameliorate our state, the desire he hath to contribute to our present happiness, and the view he hath for our future glory. He presents himself as our father, who first breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and ever since hath nourished and brought us up as children.—He declares himself to have prepared the earth for our habitation; and for our sakes to have made its womb teem with various food, with beauty and with life. For our sakes no less he garnished the Heavens and created the whole host of them with the breath of his mouth, bringing the sun forth from his chamber every morning with the joy of a bridegroom and a giant's strength, to shed his cheerful light over the face of creation, and draw blooming life from the bosom of the earth. From him also was derived the wonderful workmanship of our frames—the eye in whose orb of beauty is pencilled the whole orbs of Heaven and of earth, for the mind to peruse and know and possess and rejoice over, even as if the whole universe were her own—the ear, in whose vocal chambers are entertained harmonious numbers, the melody of rejoicing nature, the welcomes and salutations of friends, the whisperings of love, the voices of parents and children, with all the sweetness and the power that dwell upon the tongue of man. His also is the gift of the beating heart, flooding all the hidden recesses of the human frame with the tide of life—his the cunning of the hand, whose workmanship turns rude and raw materials to such pleasant forms and wholesome uses—his the whole vital frame of man, which is a world of wonders within itself, a world of bounty, and, if rightly used, a world of finest enjoyments. His also are the mysteries of the soul within—the judgment, which weighs in a ballance all contending thoughts extracting wisdom out of folly, and extracting order from confusion, the memory, recorder of the soul, in whose books are chronicled the accidents of the changing world, and the fluctuating mood of the mind itself; fancy, the eye of the soul, which scales the Heavens and circles round the verge and circuits of all possible existence; hope, the purveyor of happiness, which peoples the hidden future with brighter forms and happier accidents than ever possessed the present, offering to the soul the foretaste of every joy; affection, the nurse of joy, whose full bosom can cherish a thousand objects without being impoverished, but rather replenished, a storehouse inexhaustible towards the brotherhood and sisterhood of this earth, as the storehouse of GOD is inexhaustible to the universal world; and conscience, the arbitrator of the soul, and the touchstone of the evil and the good, whose voice within our breast is the echo of the voice of GOD. These, all these, whose varied action and movement constitute the maze of thought, the mystery of life, the continuous chain of being—GOD hath given us to know that we hold of his hand, and during his pleasure, and out of the fullness of his care.—*Irvine.*

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

If a man can find no enjoyment, except when directly engaged in seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must be necessarily limited as well as selfish. But if, with the love of GOD and the love of man reigning in his heart, he takes delight in rendering others happy, his sources of pleasure must be abundant and perpetual. To cultivate a spirit of benevolence is at once then our interest and our duty. "Look not every man on his own things," says the benevolent apostle, "but every man also on the things of others. Remember the words of our Lord Jesus, how he said it is more blessed to give than to receive." Remember the exigencies of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted, and of the ignorant; and connect with their miseries their claims; their claims on your commiseration, your time and property. Think how many of your fellow creatures, with natural susceptibilities of delight not inferior to your own, are altogether strangers to your happiness, and destitute of the moral and divinely prescribed means of discovering the way to its attainment! Are not myriads perishing for lack of knowledge? Are you not in possession of the treasures of Divine truth, by which they may become "wise unto salvation, and happy through an unchanging eternity?" Remember that he, who winneth souls to the paths of peace and glory, is, by the highest authority, "wise"; he is wise in seeking, for himself and for others, the happiness of immortality; for they who are thus wise "shall hereafter shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

MASONRY.

It has been well and truly observed, that this "*consolidated association*" is not the "offspring of a day;" a flower that blooms to-day, in all its variegated beauty and richness, and fades and dies to-morrow; but it is the result of time, experience, wisdom, labour and benevolence united. Masonry, either operative or speculative, has existed in all ages of the world. This simple fact stamps it with a character that should raise it above the censure of the capricious. For it is a self-evident truth, that no institution can long exist, that is based in folly, founded in ignorance, and contaminated with vice. This is an universally acknowledged and sound maxim. What but the all-powerful principles of philanthropy, harmony, truth, fidelity and equality, could unite so many persons of such diversified characters, feelings and tastes, as belong, and as have always belonged to this society? It is true, that alliances have been formed by sages, scholars, philosophers, heroes and patriots, and which, at first, promised much, and augured a fulfilment of the most sanguine expectations; but some sudden convulsion has arrested their progress, and buried them in oblivion. And the reason is, because their principles are not equitable and good; because they had not that imperishable base of brotherly love and union, which is the corner-stone of our temple, on which to build a superstructure. An institution that has not for its end the good and happiness of man, is not approved by Heaven, nor sanctioned by that person, through whose soul the "milk of human kindness" and brotherly love, in gentle currents flow. From the fact therefore, that this institution has existed in all ages; that it has stood, as it were, "the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," may be drawn an irrefragible argument in favour of its superiority over all other societies, and of its bearing the divine impress of goodness and wisdom.

The primary objects of this temple, as we sometimes call it, are to instruct the ignorant; impart light to them that sit in darkness; improve the social virtues; cultivate and mature the principles of friendship; correct the taste; promote the felicity of the family of man, and lessen the mass of human wo. This temple is a repository; in it are deposited an abundance of spiritual provisions, such as please the eye of the devotional soul, charm the ear of sensibility and gratify the desires of a pure heart.

We ask, where is the Christian, where the philanthropist, that will not rejoice at the dissemination of such sublime principles.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

London, 15th August, 1825.

We have been in the British Metropolis ten days, every hour of which, save the ordinary deductions for sleep and refreshment, has been occupied in obtaining a knowledge of the prominent features of the city. After much fatigue, accompanied with much pleasure, our survey for the present has been completed; and before leaving for the North, I proceed to give you a hasty and imperfect sketch of our observations. The first objects which arrest the attention of a stranger are most known to the generality of readers; and it is a hopeless task, to attempt to impart interest or novelty to what so many tourists have examined and described.

But to waste no paper in apologies:—it was our wish as soon as practicable, to obtain a bird's-eye view of London, and an early visit was therefore paid to St. Paul's Church, occupying an elevated position in the heart of the city, and rising to the height of about four hundred feet from its foundation. This gigantic and noble structure stands upon Ludgate Hill, on the northern bank of the Thames, at a little distance from the water, on the site of an ancient church, which was burned in the general conflagration of 1666. Nine years afterwards, the present edifice was commenced by the celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to complete it, with the aid of one master-mason, in thirty-five years after its foundation was laid. A curious though perhaps fabulous anecdote is related respecting its commencement. Sir Christopher directed a labourer to bring a stone, to be planted as a landmark under the centre of the dome, and on the ruin of the old church. The workman accidently brought a small fragment of a tomb-stone, upon which was the word "*resurgam*"—I shall rise again—being a part of an ancient inscription. It was applied to the resurrection of the building as well as of the body, and was accounted a good omen, cheering the zealous architect in his labours.

The modern edifice is of Portland stone, which has been discoloured by the influence of the weather, according as its several parts are more or less exposed. Portions of it retain the original hue of the material, while others are rendered grey and black, by the storms which have beaten against it for more than a century. At a little distance, the exterior assumes the aspect of well defined lights and shades in a picture. Unlike most other churches in the kingdom, St. Paul's is built in the Grecian style of architecture, embracing several orders, and fashioned after the purest models. Its situation, however, conveys an impression that its dome is much too large for the body. It is entirely surrounded by high brick buildings, rising nearly to the elevation of its walls, and obstructing the view at all points, except the opening of streets, converging and meeting at the yard. The dome is a prominent object, seen from nearly every part of the city and its suburbs, while the structure upon which it stands is entirely concealed. The best *coup d' œil* is from Ludgate-street, presenting a view of the two towers, upon the western end, a part of the cupola, and the majestic porch forming the principal entrance, together with the colossal figures of apostles, saints, and kings, which crown the summit of the edifice. It is built in the form of a cross, five hundred feet from east to west, and two hundred and eighty-five feet in the widest part, technically denominated the transept. The whole covers an area of more than two acres.

Having paid our fee of admission at the north door, we commenced an examination of the interior, which occupied several hours. A description in detail would swell to a volume, and be two heavy a draught upon the patience of my readers. Some half a dozen guides in succession conducted us to every part of the building. In the south-western turret is a spiral flight of steps, mounting to the height of about seventy feet, denominated "the *geometrical* stair-case," for what reason our guide could not explain. It was pronounced to be the greatest work of the kind in Europe. In the opposite turret is the belfry. The machinery of the clock and bell is on a scale commensurate with the gigantic proportions of the edifice. There is in the hall a model of the minute hand of the clock, which measures eight or nine feet in length, and moves round a circumference of fifty-seven feet. The ponderous wheels and hammers resemble the engine of a steam-boat, and the tower trembles with the jarring sound of the bell, which weighs upwards of eleven hundred, and may be heard twenty miles.

In the south side of the second story, there is a spacious apartment appropriated to the Library, for the use of the clergy officiating in the Cathedral. It contains a large collection of books, with some valuable manuscripts, the rarest of which were shewn to us. The floor is a curiosity. It is of British oak, laid in small pannels, like a mosaic pavement, and composed of almost innumerable pieces. On the opposite side is another spacious room, containing a model of a church resembling St. Paul's, except that it has but one turret at the end. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and is said to have been his favourite plan, which was overruled by the opinions of others, or modified by circumstances. There are some other architectural designs of his in the apartment; as also the funeral decorations, used in the interment of Lord Nelson.

At the base of the dome is "the whispering gallery," with a massive iron-railing, and walk leading quite round it. The view both above and below is extremely grand. Stationing himself on the side opposite to us, at the distance of something more than a hundred feet, the guide gave, in whispers distinctly heard, an explanation of the lofty painted ceiling, which resembles that of Chatsworth, and is liable to the same objections. It is covered with splendid allegories, which none but the artist himself would probably be able to understand. It was executed by Sir James Thornhill, who lay the greater part of his life upon his back, in touching off these gorgeous ornaments. A story is told of his miraculous escape, while employed upon this work. On completing the image of one of his saints, he heedlessly retreated to the very verge of the scaffolding to observe the effect of the picture. A friend, who was with him, perceiving his imminent danger, seized the brush and daubed the image, whereupon the artist rushed forward in a fit of passion, to demand the reason of such conduct, and was thereby rescued from danger. These circumstances are too complex to be credible.

Around the dome, at the base of the Cupola, on the outside, there is a walk guarded by an iron-railing, the bars of which are nearly corroded asunder by rust. The immense panorama of London and its environs, stretching on all sides below, as far as the eye can reach, was grand and interesting beyond description. Objects so far beneath our feet were reduced to a diminutive size; and the belles and beaux looked like puppets, hurrying along the side walks. The city including its suburbs, is about thirty miles in circumference, over the whole of which together with much of the circumjacent country, our view extended. A more favourable day could not have been selected. The morning had been showery, and the rain once compelled us to retreat, after walking two miles; but at noon the sky cleared, and the atmosphere was purified of smoke, except at intervals, when clouds of it were rapidly driven by the wind across the town, for a moment intercepting the prospect.

Nearly all the roofs of the buildings of London are covered with red tiles, with earthen pipes to the chimneys of the same colour. The whole area of the city, from such a height seemed covered with this novel ground-work, except where the streets, in the direction of the eye, extended like ravines, or green parks occasionally broke the uniformity and gave relief to the view. Through the heart of the town, for the whole distance, winds "the silver Thames," covered with boats and vessels of all descriptions, and its six bridges between Vauxhall and Deptford full in sight. Uninteresting as its banks are rendered by unbroken ranges of brick walls, the river adds much to the picture. In the distance, a green border, rich in rural scenery, stretches around the whole horizon. This little circle, visible from the top of St. Paul's, and not exceeding ten or fifteen miles in diameter, embraces a population of about two millions—one fourth greater than that of the state of New-York.

Beyond this stage in the ascent our guide did not accompany us; but pointed out the way, and gave us leave to climb to the top for another shilling. The visitant should rather be paid, than pay, for climbing up the remaining seventy feet on perpendicular ladders, since there is nothing to reward his toil, save an occasional peep from the dizzy eminence. We however had the curiosity to ascend, and seated ourselves in the brass ball, at the foot of the cross, which is sufficiently capacious to hold half a dozen persons. Only three of the niches were occupied on this occasion. Although the day below was comparatively tranquil, the wind roared around the turret, with a dull, hollow sound, like that of a furnace. In a violent storm, the peels of thunder and the beating of the tempest against the dome must be grand and terrific.

On descending from this aerial height, another guide conducted us into the vaults of the church, where in darkness and in silence sleep the ashes of the honourable dead. Though the sun was bright above, a more than twilight dimness reigned below; and the portress lighted her lamp at the iron gate, to direct our footsteps among the tombs, and to enable us to read the inscriptions upon the monuments. The sickly rays of the taper, occasionally throwing spectres upon the wall and ceiling, as we groped our way beneath subterranean arches, and the sepulchral echoes of our voices, added to the gloom of the cemetery. Under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's is the tomb of Nelson. The pavement of the church was taken up to make room for the coffin to descend. A circular iron grate, two or three feet in diameter, admits a feeble light from above, and affords a glimpse of the stupendous dome. The hero reposes beneath a noble canopy, and the simplicity of the monument over his body is in perfect contrast to the allegorical and complex decorations in other places. On one side of the sable pedestal of his vault, is inscribed "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The black marble sarcophagus, surmounted with a cushion and coronet, was designed by Cardinal Woolsey for his own interment at Windsor; but a sudden change of fortune and his fall from greatness deprived him of anticipated honours.

In the southern aisle of the *Crypt*, under a half window in the basement, sleeps the dust of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building; and near him were interred, beneath the pavement, the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, and our countryman West—all eminent artists. Plain slabs and equally plain inscriptions designate their tombs. The epitaph of the last mentioned is as follows:—"Here lie the remains of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. He was born at Springfield, in Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania, in America, the 10th of October, 1738, and died at London the 11th of March, 1820." I find no other monument to his memory in the metropolis; but perhaps this is sufficient for an artist who will live in the splendid memorials of his own genius. To others, less distinguished, the breathing marble and pompous epitaph may be more necessary, to tell who they are and what they have done.

On our return from the Vaults, an hour was passed in examining the monuments on the walls, in the body of the church. They are numerous, and some of them splendid, displaying generally more taste than those in Westminister Abbey. Most of them were executed by Westmacott, Bacon, Flaxman, and Chantrey. The general fault is a want of simplicity in the design, and a profusion of ornament, with a long story for an epitaph, which no one would have the patience to read. Of the number most interesting to us, were those in memory of Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Howard the philanthropist, Lord Nelson, and Sir John Moore. These are men whom the world knows—an advantage which some of those, whose names are here enrolled, do not enjoy. Packenham died gallantly, and perhaps deserved his marble, though unfortunate in a bad cause; but what did either Cornwallis or Ross ever do to merit a public monument? There are others, whose claims upon posterity are still more equivocal; while hundreds, whom genius distinguished and the muses loved, sleep neglected. But enough on this topic for the present.

Singapore, in the East Indies, has been ceded to the British East India Company. It is suggested in the Salem Register, that American vessels are excluded by our treaty from trading with Singapore, and that one vessel has been taken. The editor of the Singapore paper remarks, that the population of the settlement amounts to 14,000, and that the trade of the port is free and unfettered, there being neither export nor import duties, no fees for clearances, passes or registers, and no monopolies. The expenses of the establishment are 27,208, and the revenue 87,262.—*N. Pal.*

STATE OF MAINE.

By Albion K. Parris,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

If we analyze national prosperity and trace to their source the several elements of which it is composed, the result can scarcely fail to be a conviction that they all flow directly or mediately from that Being whom enlightened reason and revelation teach us to recognize as the Giver of every good and every perfect gift. For civil and religious liberty, for wisdom to guide our National Councils, for preservation from foreign and domestic enemies, for the enjoyment of health, for the fruits of the earth, and for success in all our public and private enterprise, we depend entirely on Him alone. Nor is it less evident that He, who bestows these blessings can, with equal ease take them away, and scourge an offending people with the opposite evils. "He increaseth the nations and destroyeth them—He enlargeth nations and straiteneth them again." To secure the favour of this Great Arbiter of the destinies of nations is, then the first dictate of true political wisdom, the grand secret of national prosperity. Of the means by which His favour may be secured, He has not left us uninformed. Among these means, acknowledgments of our dependance, penitent confessions of our offences, and applications for pardon through the merits of His Son hold a distinguished place.

I have, therefore, thought fit to appoint, and with the advice of the Council, do appoint THURSDAY, *the sixth day of April next*, to be observed by the inhabitants of this State, as a day of PUBLIC HUMILIATION, FASTING AND PRAYER.—And they are requested to assemble, on that day, in their respective places of religious worship, that we may, in a public and united manner, humble ourselves before the Most High, on account of our numerous offences, deprecate the merited expressions of His just displeasure, and in the name of the "One Mediator between God and man," implore that pardoning mercy which is never denied to penitent supplicants. Sensible of our entire dependance on "Him who worketh all in all," and remembering that He has condescendingly revealed Himself to us as one "who heareth prayer," let us also present before Him, our united supplications in behalf of ourselves, our country, and the world; fervently beseeching Him, that he will still be pleased to watch over the public and private interests of this State; to guide all who are entrusted with the management of its concerns; to increase and bless the means of literary, moral and religious improvement with which its inhabitants are favoured; to lead the rising generation in the paths of virtue and peace; to grant us the enjoyment of health and plenty, and crown with success the exertions of our fellow-citizens in every laudable enterprise and pursuit.

For our beloved Country let us offer supplication, that the union, peace and prosperity of the States which compose it, may be perpetuated to the end of time; that the blessings of Heaven may ever rest on its Chief Magistrate, its Legislature, and all its subordinate officers, and that its inhabitants may be distinguished no less by the possession and successful cultivation of every estimable intellectual and moral quality, than by the peculiar privileges which they are permitted to enjoy.

Taught by that inspired volume, the possession of which constitutes one of our richest blessings, to regard GOD as our common Father, and all of human kind as our brethren, let us present before Him the whole family of man, and, with affectionate earnestness and importunity, beseech Him to pity and alleviate the sorrows and supply the wants of all the destitute, the wretched and oppressed; to increase the number, the zeal, the exertions, and the success of those who are actuated by the spirit of genuine philanthropy, and cause Liberty, Peace, and pure Christianity to prevail throughout the world.

And the people of this State are requested to refrain, and to restrain their children and dependants from all labour and recreation on that day.

Given at the Council Chamber in Portland, the first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, and in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ALBION K. PARRIS.

BY THE GOVERNOR:

AMOS NICHOLS, *Secretary of State*

WOODEN NUTMEGS OUTDONE. An Ohio paper in noticing the great increase of tobacco planting in that State, informs us, that such is the demand for tobacco seed, that it is readily disposed of at a dollar per gill. An individual in Belmont County, has sold within the last six or eight weeks, seed to the amount of nearly $300, and we have been informed that some of the *wooden nutmeg* folks have seized the opportunity of speculating, but instead of supplying the people with tobacco seed, they sell them mullen seed, and in the absence of that, have been known to substitute pulverized, decayed wood, and dispose of it to the uninformed as genuine little pear tree.

SURGICAL. Dr. Joseph T. Pitney, of Auburn, New-York, recently amputated two arms at the shoulder joint. The persons who submitted to the operation were young men who had suffered a long time from scrofulous disorders, which rendered amputation necessary. The prospect of their recovery is good.

DOMESTIC.

BANKRUPT LAW. Many of our readers will learn, with satisfaction, that Mr. Hayne, of (S. C.) has introduced his Bankrupt Bill in the Senate, which is of considerable length, and has been cautiously drawn up. So many are interested in this question, that we lose no time in noticing the fact. The National Intelligencer enumerates the provisions of the bill as follows:— *Noah's Advocate.*

"The first section declares, in substance, that any *merchant*, or other person engaged in commercial pursuits, who shall commit any of the acts of bankruptcy, therein specified, may be declared a bankrupt. *Farmers* and others, are excluded from the operation of this section.

The next sections provide for the appointment, in each State, of *one General Commissioner of Bankruptcy*, before whom shall be conducted all questions arising under the law, with the right of appeal to the Courts of the United States, and securing a jury trial, in all cases, where it may be demanded by either party. Special commissions are authorized, in all cases where the court shall deem them necessary.

When a person is found to be a bankrupt, his whole estate is to be vested in *assignees*, chosen by the creditors, for the equal benefit of all the creditors. Various provisions are made, in other parts of the bill, with the object of securing to creditors the whole estate of the bankrupt. Provision is then made for the support of the bankrupt, pending the investigation, and for a final allowance to him, in proportion to the amount divided among the creditors. On its finally appearing that the bankrupt has made a fair and full surrender of his whole estate to his creditors, and has acted throughout with good faith, the bill provides for his discharge from all further liability for existing debts. A great many sections of the bill are devoted to the regulation of the proceedings of the commissioners and assignees, and prescribing the course to be pursued by the bankrupt and his creditors. The bill finally provides for the case of persons, *other than traders*, who (though exempt from the operation of the first section of the bill) are permitted, on the application of the creditors, and *with their own consent*, to become bankrupts."

From the Masonic Mirror.

BICKNELL'S GRISTMILL. It is well known that *Bicknell's Improved Gristmill* has excited considerable attention in different parts of the U. States. And no doubt those who have become interested, will be pleased to learn that an improvement has been made in this machine which removes every doubt in the minds of those who are able to judge, as to its ultimate success.

The improvement consists, principally, in an additional stone, called a Cracker, placed directly over the bed-stone, moving separately, covering about one-sixth of the cylinder, and causing it to grind on nearly one-*half*, instead of one-quarter of the circle, as in the original mill. In this case, the mill must be fed at the top, instead of the side of the cylinder. The mill now grinds easier than before, makes better meal, and is more easily regulated.

It is the opinion of judges, that this mill will make as *good* meal and as *fast*, with about one-third the power required for common mills, provided the stone is of a good quality, of a suitable size, and well made. And as it occupies very little room, and is carried by a band, it may be attached to any power, either horse, water, or hand. It may be set up in a factory, saw mill, or even in a cider mill, with very little additional expense; indeed, any power sufficient to carry a carding machine, will carry one of those mills to advantage.

The expense of a small mill for a two-horse power would be about $100. And one of a sufficient size, to make meal as fast as our common mills, occupying a space of three feet by five, would not exceed $150.

The invention of the improvement is Mr. *Moody Stockman's*, of Hampton, (N. H.) and agreeably to the advice of those, less interested than himself, feeling a confidence that the improvement is *essential* to the success of the mill, he has secured a patent.

There are two mills, with the improvement, now in operation; one at Hopkinton, (N. H.) and the other at Worcester, (Mass.) M. S.

Wilmington, (N. C.) Feb. 14.

DARING OUTRAGE. On Friday morning, 24th ult. a strange man entered the dwelling of Mr. Zebley, of this borough, while Mrs. Zebley, and her infant child only were in the house, and requested her to give him some money. She replied that she had none, which, upon his asserting that he knew to the contrary, she repeated; whereupon he seized a butcher knife which was lying upon the table in the room, and plunged it, the whole length of the blade, into her body. It entered, we are told, the back, a little above the right hip, and penetrated entirely through the abdomen, so that her life is despaired of. He then snatched the knife from the wound, threw it upon the floor, and made good his retreat.

The poor woman endeavored to give an immediate alarm, but found herself unable, and soon fainted and fell upon the floor, where she lay weltering in her blood, until the cries of the child attracted a neighbour to the spot. After she had sufficiently recovered she gave a description of the person of the man, the alarm was given, and various persons set off in pursuit of him, and on Sunday night last a man answering the description, was apprehended at the Trap, near twenty miles below this place, who upon being told that he was suspected of having stabbed a woman in Wilmington, inquired if she was dead. He was brought before Burgess M'Kean, yesterday morning, for examination, and on being confronted with the woman, she identified him as the person who had perpetrated the crime, and he has been accordingly committed for trial. He calls himself Michael Monahon, says that he is recently from Philadelphia, and states that he served his time to the coach-making business in Germantown near that city.

P. S.—Since the above was written, the woman has died.

ATLANTIC STEAM COMPANY.

[To do away the prejudice of the public with respect to the safety of steam navigation, we with pleasure copy the following from the N. Y. Albion, and hope our brother editors in this quarter will do the same to aid an establishment so worthy of public patronage:—] *Bath Gazette.*

Of the amount of 600,000*l.* to which the capital is limited, 270,000*l.* (about $1,200,000,) have already been subscribed for, and ten per cent. of the same, actually paid down; a sum amply sufficient to carry into effect the first part of the scheme. Two very fine vessels have been offered to the directors, one of 439 tons, with two engines, each of 50 horse power, and another of 500 tons, built at Greenock, with two engines of 90 horse power each. The directors, acting upon the advice offered them from this country, have very wisely given up the idea of employing vessels of 1000 tons burthen. Two lines of communication have been proposed, beside inferior branches; one from Valentia, Iceland, the starting place, to Nova Scotia and New-York; the other from Valentia to Antigua, Carthagena, Jamaica, and the countries at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. The latter will probably be chosen, as the transportation of bullion and specie has been promised them. The seas are less tempestuous on this route, and freight and passengers to and from the West Indies, will be obtained to a very great extent.

With respect to the safety of the steam vessels on the *ocean*, the directors speak in the strongest terms of confidence. Captains Skinner and Gray, of the Holyhead and Milford stations who have been in the habit of crossing the Irish channel, (perhaps as tempestuous a sea as any in the world,) for several winters almost without interruption, consider, that for the worst weather on the ocean, a steam vessel would be preferable to one possessing sailing powers. It is asserted that the entire journey from London to New-York, via Dublin, can be effected in *twenty-one days*; and the journey back in *sixteen*, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds upon the Atlantic.

The great and important benefits that the success of this scheme will confer on Ireland, are fully understood and appreciated; and the friends of the measure, who are enthusiastically the friends of that fine country, look forward with delight to the period when ports of the west of Ireland shall become the busy scene of commercial industry.

From the Mobile Register, of Jan. 27.

DISTRESSING FIRE. Yesterday morning, about half past 1 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the lower tenement of Capt. Duncan's stores on Alabama wharf. An alarm was immediately given, and the citizens with great alacrity, repaired to the spot and actively commenced the removal of property. The flames soon spread to the adjoining tenements, and in about half an hour, without the least warning of danger, the whole range blew up with an awful explosion of Gun Powder, scattering fragments of timber, &c. in every direction. It is painful to record the scene produced by this event. Almost every person in the immediate vicinity was knocked down, either by the shock or by flying timber, and it is estimated that not less than forty received more or less injury. Mr. O'Hare, Teacher, was most shockingly mangled and burnt, and survived the accident but one or two hours.—Mr. Bloodgood had his collar bone broken, and his head and arm severely bruised, though we are happy to say not dangerously. Several others received considerable injury, though none, we understand, are considered in danger. After the panic and confusion occasioned by the explosion subsided, the citizens set to work again with redoubled energy, and with the prompt and efficient services rendered by the two Fire Companies, the progress of the devouring element was providentially arrested and confined to the first range. The fire several times communicated to the rest of the stores fronting on Water-street at the head of the wharf, but the well directed exertions of the Fire Companies, soon extinguished it, and saved the buildings from destruction.

The night was perfectly calm, which contributed materially to prevent the flames from spreading. The houses consumed were four in number, two of which were occupied as counting rooms by E. R. Byrd & Co. James Taylor, J. Caulfield, A. Dickens & Co. and D. Darling, all of whom lost their books and papers. The other two were occupied as Storehouses, one of them by S. G. Swift, whose loss is said to be fifteen thousand dollars. The principal losses of the others are their books.

The buildings for a considerable distance around received serious injuries from the explosion: Dauphin-street, including a part of the upper brick range in Water-street, particularly around the head of the wharf, on both sides of Water-street, and on Holman's wharf; Holman's brick range was very much shattered.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY. We believe the only levee held in this city on the birth day of the Great Father of his country, was held by Mary Simpson, who keeps a small cake store at the corner of Cliff and John-streets. Mary was born at Mount Vernon, and remained there until her old master, the General, died. This faithful domestic had her table covered with a white cloth and filled with cake, and served up hot whiskey punch whilst receiving the annual congratulations of many respectable gentlemen, who wished her a long life, and remembrance of the early days spent in the service of a great and good master.—*Noah's Adv.*

The bill authorizing Mr. Jefferson to dispose of his property by lottery, has passed the Virginia Assembly. 125 to 72.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1826.

THE LEGISLATURE—Adjourned *sine die*, on Tuesday last, after a Session of *nine weeks* only. Think of *this*! you who are obliged to labour hard all *summer*, and by the sweat of the brow raise a few bushels of *corn* or *grain*—work hard all *winter* to get it to market, and finally have to be very prudent to have *cash* enough to pay your *taxes*. Think of *this!* you who are mechanics, who have to pay *cash* for stock, but take *produce* for payment, or else get nothing.—Who is to *correct* these evils, growing out of such long Sessions, and nothing done? You, *Farmers* and *Mechanics* are the very ones. As things now are, a *Representative* or *Senator* is as sure of getting about *one hundred* and *fifty dollars* as he is of going to the Legislature. We think that the people have a right to complain, and we really hope they will do it. But, it should be stated to the *honour* of a number of the *members* of the present Legislature, that *they* obtained leave of absence, and left their seats several days before its adjournment, thereby showing to their constituents that they had some little feeling on the subject.

We feel heartily sorry that we have hurt the *feelings* of an *anonymous* writer in the last *Kennebec Journal*, in making a few remarks, a week or two since, respecting the Hon. Mr. WILLIAMS, of *Augusta*:—but all the apology we can make at this time, is, we regret that the Hon. Gentleman had not been at the *Senate Board* in Massachusetts, when the Petition for the *Hallowell & Augusta Bank* was presented, and offered his *amendment* to that *concern*; it would have been most thankfully received by the public. We are much *obliged* to the writer for his *friendly* caution, and can but applaud *his* wisdom and discernment in discovering the "*ill nature*" contained in our remarks. We have no doubt that his *judgment*, as it respects "our *fit-ness to be the editor of a newspaper*," will be handed down to posterity, as words *fitly* spoken, and deserving to be set in letters of gold. In fact, the whole article in the Journal *carries* the very marks o *candour, good-nature*, and the most consummate *wisdom* and *judgment*.—And we now promise to be more *cautious*—take his *advice*—and not venture to make any more "*ill-natured editorial articles*."

I-NF-FLU-EH-EN-ZA.—For more than a week past, the inhabitants generally of this vicinity have been suffering with this disorder. Scarcely a man walks the streets unless he is well secured against the air.—If we chance to meet a friend his *well-known* cough apprizes us of his affliction;—even *we* have been obliged to look a little *sober* while bent over our stinted fire, with a little sage tea in this cup, a little catnip in that, some honey and cream tartar in a third, &c. &c. But the continual *hacks* and *coughs* in our Office that assailed one's ears, were enough to amaze one. Our *Foreman* more sick than any *dog*—seated on an old crazy chair which responded with a doleful *creak* to every groan he uttered. In another part our *Compositors* were leaning over their *cases*, and, as it were, just ready to *cast up* their *accounts*; while our *Pressmen* looked as if they were about to give their *last* pull, and quit this world of *types* and *shadows*—even our *Devil* had his share of pain, curling himself up *near* the *fire*, he *trembled* with the cold, while his *eyes*, as it were rolling in the sockets of the evil one, would have drawn pity from the most obdurate.—But what was still more singular, our wife, whose tongue *usually* performs its offices, was now *almost* silent, while she set in the chimney corner with the *cradle blanket* over her shoulders—her *pipe* in her mouth, from which now and then, a whiff would show that she was yet *alive*—but very *still*——

The subject of civilizing the *Indians* has been much thought of, not only by *Missionary Societies*, but by Politicians. The following *outline* of a bill for that purpose, has been introduced into Congress:

In the House, Mr. COCKE, from the Committee on Indian Affairs, reported a bill for the preservation and civilization of the Indian tribes within the United States, which was ordered to be printed. [☞The preamble of the bill, declares, "that the United States are desirous of preserving from extinction the Indians living in and adjacent to the settlements of their citizens, and of providing for their gradual improvement, and ultimate participation in the advantages of civilization and free government; and that those objects can be obtained only by removing them from the operation of those causes which have occasioned their declension, and by establishing them in a permanent residence, where they may be taught the value of the blessings offered to them, and look forward with confidence to a melioration of their physical and moral condition;" and therefore the bill authorizes the President to extinguish the Indian title to a tract of country, of sufficient extent, lying West of the Mississippi; and not included in any State or Territory, as a PERMANENT RESIDENCE for the Indians, and to exchange the same for lands now occupied by them; and to pledge the faith of the United States to guarantee to the tribes who will agree to the exchange and removal, an immutable inalienability of the lands they may thus acquire, permanent peace, and protection against the intrusion of white settlers, a continuation of their friendship and aid in improving their condition, in forming and maintaining a system of Government suited to their circumstances:—It also authorizes the President to appoint Commissioners to treat with the tribes on the premises, to provide for the expense of their removal, &c. and to explain to them the views of the Government on the subject. And in cases where any tribe may decline to enter into arrangements, the Commissioners are to treat with individuals of the same, (the arrangement in no case to effect the rights of the tribe); to take such individuals under the protection of the United States, and to punish those who may molest them: The President is also authorized, at a proper time, to organize a government for those tribes and individuals, who may remove, to be administered by a Governor, three Judges, and a Secretary, and to appoint a Legislative Council, and other officers to *be selected from the Indians*, and to prescribe the regulations of the Government. The bill also provides that a report shall annually be made to Congress of the proceedings under the act; and that a suitable appropriation be made to effect the objects of it.

The bill was accompanied by a report of the Secretary of War, of great length, displaying much knowledge of the subject, research, and ability. The bill was ordered to be printed; and 3000 copies of the report.

Abstract of a Journal of the Weather for twenty-five years past.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

1806: Feb. 3, a cold snow storm: 5, a snow squall: 8, a storm of snow, hail and rain: 10, 11 & 12, snow storms: 13, very windy; the roads are filled with snow. The remainder of this month was quite pleasant.

1807: Feb. 1, a storm of rain, hail and snow; a great quantity of rain fell last night: 2, a snow storm: 6, a very driving snow storm: 19, a severe S. E. rain storm: 22, fair; wind N. W.; an earthquake.----Butter this month is worth 17 cents, per pound, Hogs Lard 9 cents.

1808: Feb. 8, a N. E. snow storm: 9, a S. E. snow storm: 14, a storm of snow: 16, fair the wind fills the road with snow: 17, a storm of snow; many people are making snow paths: 18, fair and very windy: 19, fair; snow paths are made to-day: 21, a N. E. storm of snow the greatest part of the day: 22, cloudy the principal part of the day; snow paths are also made to-day: 23, fair and very blustering, the roads are full of snow: 24, some cloudy, snow paths are made to-day.—Butter this month is worth at Portland, 12 1-2 cents per pound, Hogs Lard 12 1-2 cents, Sausages 10 cents; 1 pound of Bacon is worth 2 pounds of good Codfish.

1809: Feb. 5, a severe, cold N. E. storm of snow; calves and lambs without good attention froze at this time: 6, a storm of snow till just at night, when it comes on very blustering, the snow is 3 1-2 feet deep on a level: 7, fair; many are making paths: 11, much time is spent in breaking paths: 13, a snow storm in the afternoon: 18, a N. E. storm of hail and rain: 19, a very blustering snow storm: 20, pleasant; the roads are full of snow; much time is spent in shoveling snow—the ice on the trees makes a very brilliant appearance: 21, a snow storm the greatest part of the day, though the sun was to be seen: 22, a blustering snow storm: 23, some cloudy and blustering: 25, a S. W. snow storm.

1810: Feb. 3, fair, and moderate; 7, cloudy, poor sleighing on hilly land: 14, pleasant, poor sleighing; the open, hilly land is about one half free of snow: 21, some cloudy and thawy; but little snow in the open land; muddy travelling; 26, a warm rain, and a rainbow in the afternoon; muddy travelling; blows up cold from the N. W. in the evening.

Feb. 6, 1810: At this time, Brunswick taverns taxed 12 1-2 cents for Lodging; 12 1-2 cents for a gill of Rum; 12 1-2 cents for Stabling a horse a night. The merchants at that place allowed 14 cents per pound for Butter; 12 cents for Tallow; 8 cents for Cheese; 7 cts. for Turkeys; 5 cents per pound for small Pork; and 20 cents a quart for Mustard Seed. They also sold five-pail Kettles at $3 50 each; Board Nails at $2 per M.; Salt at $1 per bushel; Tea at $1 per pound; Cotton Wool at 25 cents.

1811: Feb. 1, a N. E. snow storm: 2, cloudy: 3, cloudy with a N. E. wind: 4, a N. E. snow storm: 5, cloudy; the wind N. E., and the snow fills up the roads: 6, some cloudy: 7, pleasant; N. W. wind: 8, N. E. wind continues; clouds up in the afternoon: 9, N. E. wind continues with a little snow: 13, snow and some hail and rain; about 12 inches of snow fell at this time; clears off just at night: 17, the snow is two feet on a level: 18, a N. E. snow storm; the sun could be seen part of the time: 27, very rainy the greatest part of the day; N. E. wind; a little snow in the afternoon with wind N. W.—Hay is worth $8 per ton; Ashes 17 cents per bushel; Biscuit 1 1-2 cents each; Molasses 75 cents per gallon; Ginger 25 cents per pound; Cinnamon 6 cents per oz.; Nutmegs 10 cents each.

1812: Feb. 4, very rainy last night; some rain and snow in the forenoon; clears off warm; poor sleighing: 11, a N. E. snow storm: 12, clear and cold: 14, begins to rain just at night, at Portland, which carries off the greatest part of the snow: 15, clears off warm; the water runs very briskly through the streets in Portland: 24, a severe N. E. snow storm: 26, a snow storm; 29, a N. E. snow storm.—Salt is worth at Portland, $6 50 per hogshead; Butter from 15 to 17 cents per pound; Bacon 9 cents; Cheese 8 cents; Sausages 10 cents; Ashes 12 1-2 cents per bushel.

1813: Feb. 1, N. E. & N. snow storm; 1 foot of snow fell last night and to-day: 15, fair, wind N. W. that fills up the roads with snow; 18, clear and cold N. W. wind; the snow fills up the roads; 22, 4 inches of snow fell last night and to-day: 23, the sun shines; some wind in the morning that fills up the roads with snow; the Court of C. P. is in session at Paris; 26, a N. E. snow storm.—Tobacco is worth 25 cts. per pound; Butter from 14 to 17 cents; Copperas 8 cents; Soal Leather 26 cents; Ashes 10 cents per bushel; a gill of Rum 6 cents, this article bears the most uniform price of any I know of.

1814: Feb. 7, cloudy; 1 inch of snow fell in the evening; corn sells to-day at 83 cents per bushel; the hauling of shingles from Turner to Augusta increases fast: 10: a N. E. snow and hail storm: 11, some hail in the morning; some rain in the afternoon; the snow and hail fell 1 foot; the snow on an average is 2 feet 8 inches in depth; many people are making snow paths to-day; 15, continues some cloudy and moderate; the snow crust will about half bear a man: 16, pleasant: 22, some cloudy: 26, pleasant; good sleighing on the common roads: 28, fell five inches of damp snow.—Corn is worth at Portland, $1 17 cents per bushel; Potatoes 33 cents; Salt 92 cents; Molasses $1 per gallon; Tea $1 50 per pound; Tobacco 33 cents.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c. HOR.

Whoever is conscious of his innocence of crime, and of honesty in his transactions, is possessed of a consolation which will render the path of life pleasant and delightful. He pursues an onward and undeviating course, like the less rapid descent of the comet from its ethereal station, unobstructed by those obstacles and troubles, which causes death inimical.—Directed by virtuous motives, he bounds himself by the limits of morality. Passing peaceably through the vicissitudes of human existence, he is beatified with the consciousness of not having surpassed the limits of uprightness, prescribed by his predilections. His mind pure, chaste, and undefiled, free from anxieties and oppressive cares, is susceptible of that expansion and improvement, which form the prime characteristic of the "*vir sapientia et pietate gravis.*" The confines of the globe are the extent of his bounds. A subject of the world, he fears not individual malignity. Therefore, the assertion is indisputable, that, as the moral qualities of him who endeavors at the attainment of a pure character by honesty and uprightness, excel those of the man of guilt and defiled principles; the happiness of the former exceeds the latter in a corresponding ratio. Honesty is entitled to confidence and trust, and is secure from the all-searching eye of scrutiny: uprightness commands esteem and respect, and is free from aspersion. The one tends to a peaceful intercourse with mankind; the other to the quiet abodes of pure contentment. Fear of reproach for the commission of crime, which is incessantly attendant on the guilty, is not permitted to disturb the quiet repose, the peace and enjoyment of the innocent. Peace, pleasure, and cares, mingling their specific delights, are the constant inmates of his dwelling. In short, his easiness of mind, and purity of sentiment, resulting from virtuous tenets, entitle him to an unsullied state of mundane tranquillity and happiness. After the most slight consideration of the subject, can the doubt suggest itself to the prudent mind, with regard to the adoption of *vice* or *virtue* as essential to the enjoyment of life? If, indeed, a choice exists, does not the very *finger* of human intellect point it out?—Is not the former the destroyer of society, the corrupter of all moral good, and the real poluter of the fountain of civilization, whence the first blessings of existence spring; while the latter, by its instinctive influencies, felicitates the soul, anticipates misfortunes and troubles, and inspires the imagination with the never-ceasing hope of a better future? If so, why is the world thronged with such countless multitudes of the followers of vice, since reason and common sense direct to the contrary? It is because this globe ever *has* and ever *will* harbour *such* a degree of vice and wickedness. And it is reasonable to suppose, judging from the past it is evident, that in a series of years, as many of the inhabitants of the earth are corrupted, from the state of infancy, as are reformed from the age of correct thinking. Hence, the most cogent inference is—that this globe was, from its foundation, intended as a receptacle, if not for the sins and vices of other worlds, like the box at the stern of a miller's bolter, at least as a retainer of its own without the least diminution. PHI.

PARIS, FEB. 1826.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. BARTON—I have been in the habit of observing *times* and *seasons*, *good* signs and *bad* ones, and will now give you a little bit of a history of my adventure in the Lottery:—I had a few tickets which I purchased of a Vender, for my neighbours. Among them there was a number which did not *suit* any of the persons who wanted tickets. I tried in vain to sell it, I offered it for *less* than it cost; but no one liked the number. I put it into my pocket-book, where it remained until I had an opportunity of seeing the Managers' official list of PRIZES—and what do you think? why, I looked it over, and over again—I held the identical ticket in my hand, which no one would buy before the drawing—and *now*, as luck would have it, it came out——ah! Mr. Editor——it came out——a——PRI——no, a BLANK.

AN OBSERVER.

LOTTERY BILLS. The engrossed Bill granting a Lottery for the promotion of the Navigation of Kennebec River, which was ordered to lie on the table of the Senate, was taken up on Wednesday and committed to a select Committee for the purpose of amendment. As there are various *Lottery* Bills under consideration, it was thought that it might be expedient to incorporate them all into one Bill, and then the whole subject would be presented at one view. The propriety of granting Lotteries for removing obstructions in and improving the navigation of the Saco, Monsum, Androscoggin and several other rivers has been brought under consideration, and there seems to prevail a strong disposition to distribute the benefits to be derived from this mode of raising a revenue as equally as possible among the several sections of the State.

Yesterday, the Committee to whom was referred the engrossed Bill, authorizing a Lottery for improving the Navigation of Kennebec River, reported the same as amended and taken into a new draft, and it passed to be re-engrossed as taken into this New Draft. The New Draft contains 36 sections and provides for the establishment of *eight* Lotteries, embracing the following objects, viz: improving the Navigation of Kennebec, Androscoggin, Saco, Monsum and Sheepscot Rivers; improving Steam Navigation within this State; for exploring lands in Thomaston after coal mines; and for building and repairing Bridges over Cathanse River, and Canton Point.—*Amer Patriot.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"K's" favour has come to hand, and will have place next week. "PHAON, will receive a hearing at our *honourable court.*

Died,

In Sumner, Mr. Joseph Robinson, aged 63 years.—He undertook to make a fire, and when he had deposited a log in the fire-place, he fell backwards and died without a struggle or a groan. Thus "in the midst of life we are in death."——Alanson Warren, aged 14 years, youngest child of Mr. Abijah Warren.

In Freeport, the 12th ult. Mr. Aaron Luffkin, M. D.

In Limington, after a long and distressing illness, the 14th ult. Capt. Joseph Tyler, aged 64.

In Gloucester, on Thursday last, suddenly, Capt. WILLIAM DAMRELL, of Portsmouth, and master of the Sloop Boston of that port, aged 36. Capt. D. was, probably, the largest man in the United States. He weighed about a month since, 444 pounds. His coffin was made of plank, and measured across the breast 3 feet 6 inches, and in depth 3 feet, and was 7 feet in length. The hearses in Gloucester were not large enough to admit the coffin, and his remains were carried to the grave in a cart. It required ten men to perform the rites of interment.

At Andover, Pompey Lovejoy, a black, aged CII. the oldest man in the County of Essex. He was born in Boston, a slave. His wife is still living, at the age of 98. He retained his intellectual faculties to the last.

PUBLIC AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD at Auction, at the dwelling-house of the subscriber on Monday the *twenty-seventh* of March instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon—

1 MARE with foal;
1 two-year old COLT;
2 yoke of three-year old STEERS;
2 yoke of two-year old STEERS;
2 two-year old heifers, one of which is with calf;
4 yearling STEERS;
1 yearling HEIFER;
1 very likely SHOAT,
and several other articles.

☞TERMS OF SALE—Under $5, *cash* on delivery; under $20, *thirty days*; over $20, *sixty days* credit, with approved endorsed notes.

JOHN BROCK.

Buckfield, March 7, 1826. 88

PRIZES! PRIZES!!

THE 7th Class of the *Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery*, was drawn on Saturday last. All Tickets whose number ends with 6-1-4 or 9, are Prizes of five dollars.—Persons desirous of examining the Prize List are requested to call at the *Oxford Bookstore*, where several handsome Prizes were sold.

☞TICKETS in the 8th Class, Capital Prize $10,000, are now ready for sale.

⁂ Persons who have drawn *small* Prizes, have now an opportunity to exchange them for *larger* ones.

Paris, March 9.

G. C. LYFORD

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has resumed the Retailing business at the Store he formerly occupied in *Court-street*, (and more recently improved by G. W. Goodwin,) where he has received and will receive in the course of the present week, a great variety of *Fresh* and *New* GOODS—consisting of blue, black, claret, mixt and drab BROADCLOTHS—blue, mixt and fancy coloured CASSIMERES—Toilinett, Valentia, swansdown and black silk Vestings—plain and fig'd Bombazetts—white, green, yellow and red Flannels—new and fashionable Calicoes, Furnitures and Copperplates—white, black and col'd Cambrics—Tartan and Scotch Plaids—scarlet Rattinetts—plain and fig'd Book Muslins—elegant Swiss Muslins—Cambric do.—Long Lawns—Linen Cambrics—fig'd and checked do.—real and imitation Merino Hdfs.—black, plaided and fancy Silk Hdfs.—India and German flag do.—blue and yellow Cotton Flag do.—spotted, check'd and Berkley Neckerchiefs—real Merino Shawls and Mantles—raw silk Mantles—Bobbinett & Mecklin Laces—plain mecklin and bobbinett Laces for veils—white and coloured pressed Crapes—black, white, and green Italian Crapes—Crape Shawls and Dresses—Gauze Veils—broad black Bombazines—Irish Linens—brown and black Linens—mourning Calicoes and Ginghams—women's black and slate Worsted Hose—black and white Silk Hose—beaver, kid, horse skin and silk Gloves—children's Gloves—gentlemen's beaver, buck and doe Gloves—black and colour'd double chain Levantines—black Sinchaws and Sarsnetts—changeable, plaid and green Silks—figured Silks—Carolina Plaids—Cassimere Shawls—cotton Shawls—linen and damask do.—linen damask Table Cloths—Hingham made cotton Umbrellas—black ostrich Plumes—great variety garniture Ribbons—black and coloured lustring Ribbons—common and trimming Tapes—chainett Gimps—piping Chords—Habit Buttons—gentlemen's coat and vest Buttons—black, blue and coloured Sewing Silk—ball and common Twist—camlet and twist Buttons—Hall's sewing Cottons, spool Cottons—floss Cotton in skeins and spools—pearl and thread Shirt Buttons, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

10 Pieces Sattinetts; 4 bales Factory Ginghams—4 bales brown Sheetings—3 do. brown Shirtings—2 bales Bedtickings—Sea Island Shirtings—fine and common bleach'd Sheetings—5-4 brown Sheetings—3-4 and 4-4 Checks—Knitting Cottons, &c. &c.

Likewise—Warp and Filling YARNS of the Exeter Factory, all numbers, and *warranted.*

N. B. The above GOODS were purchased very low, and will be sold as cheap as Goods *ever were* at the "Cheap Store." Purchasers are requested to "call and see."

Portland, Jan. 17, 1826. 3w 82

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a Note of hand, given by the subscriber on the 8th day of December, 1825, payable to SETH PERKINS, or order in March next, for the sum of twelve dollars and fifty cents—as I have received no consideration for the same. AMOS FULLER.

Paris, Feb. 21. *87

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

THE subscriber would inform all who are indebted to him, that he is under the necessity of calling on them for a settlement, on or before the 25th inst. or their several demands and accounts will be left with an attorney for collection.

ALDEN FULLER.

Paris, March 4, 1826. 88

ONE CENT REWARD.

RUN AWAY from the subscriber, an Indented Apprentice by the name of CLARK WIGHTMAN; this is to forbid all persons trusting or harbouring him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

DAVID TWITCHELL.

Paris, March 6, 1826. 3*

NEW-ENGLAND
Fire Insurance Company,

INCORPORATED for the express purpose of insuring against losses or damage occasioned by fire only, with a Capital of *two hundred thousand dollars*; besides the *private* property of the Stockholders.

JOSEPH LOW, *President.*
JOHN WEST, *Secretary.*

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH LOW, ISAAC HILL, JOHN K. SIMPSON, SAMUEL MORRILL, RICHARD H. AYER.

The subscriber being duly authorized as Agent of the above Company, now offers to his fellow-citizens within the State the *most permanent* security against loss or damage by fire, and at a rate of premium so *low* that it is in the power of all to guard against that kind of loss which the utmost care and attention cannot always prevent; and which frequently in a few hours reduces the affluent to poverty and distress.

It should not be thought strange now, that persons who run their *own* risks as it respects fire, rather than spare *two* or *three* dollars to have their property *insured*, should they suffer loss by this destructive element, should be left to make up their *own* losses.——It may be safely stated, that almost every individual in this County, bestows upon others who have suffered by fire, enough to insure his own property, so that should every man insure his own, they would not pay more than they do at present. We should not then have our ears assailed by "tales of wo," nor our purse-strings broken to relieve the distresses of our fellow-citizens.

All losses sustained by this Company are paid within thirty days after they are proved, without any deduction whatever up to the amount insured.—And in case of any disagreement between the parties, the subject is to be referred to three *disinterested* men, one of whom to be chosen by each, out of three to be named by the other party, and the third by the two so chosen.

All applications for insurance made to the subscriber will receive the most prompt attention.

ASA BARTON.

Paris, March 6, 1826.

SALT RHEUM.

THIS inveterate disease which has so long baffled the art of the most experienced Physicians, has at length found a sovereign remedy, in

DR. LA GRANGE'S GENUINE
Ointment.

Few *Cutaneous* diseases are met with more reluctance by the Physician, and *none* in which he is so universally *unsuccessful.*

This Ointment has stood the test of experience and justly obtained an unparalelled celebrity. It immediately removes the scabs, gives a healthy action to the vessels of the skin, and its original colour and smoothness.

Numerous recommendations might be obtained of its superior efficacy, but the Proprietor chose that a FAIR TRIAL should be its only commentator. It has in three or four weeks cured cases of fifteen and twenty years standing, that had resisted the power of every other remedy that could be devised.

It not only at once gives immediate relief in Salt Rheum, but cures *Tinea Capitis*, (commonly called SCALD HEAD,) and all scabby eruptions peculiar to unhealthy children.

☞There is nothing of a *mercurial* nature contained in it, and it may be used on infants, or others under any circumstances whatever.

⁂The above valuable medicine may be had at the *Oxford Bookstore*,—WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Paris, March 9.

NOTICE.

AT a Regular Communication of PYTHAGOREAN LODGE, holden at Fryeburg, on the 2d Thurs. day of February, 1826:

Voted unanimously, that MOODY M. MERRILL, for gross immorality, intemperance, and fraudulent practices, be expelled the Pythagorean Lodge, and that the Secretary cause a copy of this Vote to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris.

A true copy from the Records,
Attest, JAMES W. RIPLEY, *Sec'y.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.

TAKEN, and by virtue of execution will be sold, at Public Vendue, at the dwelling-house of Maj. PHILIP EASTMAN, Innholder in *Fryeburg*, on *Wednesday* the *22d day of March* next, at one of the clock P. M.—all the right in equity of redemption which FREDERIC HOWARD has in and to the following described real estate, situated in *Brownfield*, to wit:—a certain tract or parcel of LAND, lying on the County road leading to Portland.—Said real estate is the same that the said Howard purchased of James Osgood, Esq. of Fryeburg—and is mortgaged to James Osgood, for the sum of one hundred sixty-two dollars and twelve cents, as will appear by said mortgage deed, recorded in Lib. 11, Folio 160 & 161, in the Registry of Deeds for the Western District of Oxford County. I. FRYE, *Dep'y Sheriff.*

Fryeburg, Feb. 17, 1826. 87

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Paris.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident Proprietors of the following lots of Land, lying in Paris, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year 1824, in the following sums, to wit:

Names.	Lots.	Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Def. of Hamp's Tax for 1823.
				$	$ c	$
Josiah Bartlett,	29	1	50	100	1 65	
Bailey Bodwell, part,	6	1	20	60	99	
Unknown,	20	3	100	150	2 48	2 15
Do. East part,	5	6	50	100	1 65	1 43
Do. N. part,	25 } 26 }	7	100	200	3 30	2 87

And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before *Wednesday* the *twenty-ninth day* of *March next*, at one o'clock in the afternoon, so much of said lots will then be sold at the Court-House in Paris, as will pay the same. CYRUS HAMLIN, *Treasurer and Collector.*

Paris, Feb. 11, 1826. 86

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix on the estate of

STACEY D. KNOX,

late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to POLLY KNOX.

Livermore, Jan. 24, 1826 83

POETRY.

FROM THE MASONIC MIRROR.

A SONG.

I love to go where Masons meet,
And spend an evening hour;
To hill or vale would I retreat,
Or to some lonely bower.

I love to see th' enlighten'd one
Pursue his search for light,
And, when his six days' work is done,
Receive his dues at night.

I love to join in solemn prayer
To him who rules the skies,
Who guides our feet, and leads us where
The *word* of Wisdom lies.

I love to soothe a brother's care
And wipe a brother's tears,
And with him all his sorrows share,
And quell his rising fears.

I love to hear those scenes rehears'd
Thro' which we all have pass'd,
When light burst on our eyes at first,
And shone so bright at last.

I love to think, that, when this flesh
Shall moulder in the tomb,
The Cassia sprig shall rise afresh,
In everlasting bloom.

PHILOTUNIA.

PARAMOUNT PUNNING;—OR SETTING UP AND SETTING DOWN.

By T. G. Fessenden.

A chap once told St. Patrick's Dean,
While rising from his seat, "I mean
To *set up* for a wit."
"Ah!" quoth the Dean, "If that be true
The very best thing you can do,
Is *down* again to *sit*."

Too many, like that would be wit,
Set up for what they are not fit,
And always lose their aim;—
Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,
But end the farce by *sitting down*,
With poverty and shame.

A middling farmer thinks he can
Set up to be a gentleman,
And then *sit down* content;
But after many a turn and twist,
Is *set down* on the pauper list,
A fool, not worth a cent!

When farmers' wives and daughters fair
Set up with silks and Leghorns rare,
To look most wondrous winning,
They *set* upon a slippery stand,
Till indigence, with iron hand,
Upsets their *underpinning*.

Some city ladies too, whose *gear*,
Has made them to their husband's *dear*,
Set up to lead the ton;
Though they *sit high* on fashion's seat,
Age, death or poverty, albeit
Will *set them down* anon.

Some fools *set up* to live by law.
And though they are '*all ever jaw*,'
Soon fail for lack of brains;
But had the boobies only just
Known where they ought *to sit* at first,
They'd sav'd a world of pains.

A quack *sets up* the doctor's trade,
But could he use the Sexton's spade
No better than his pills,
The man might toil from morn to night,
And find his match with all his might
To bury half he kills.

You may *set up* for what you choose,
As easily as wear old shoes,
If e'er so low at present;
But when you have *set up* in vain,
And find you must *sit down* again,
'Tis terribly unpleasant.

THE OLIO.

From the Boston Traveller.

FROM THE DIARY OF

TOM SHUTTLECOCK.

SUNDAY, August 14th 1825. For year *vide supra*. Mine host of the Coach and Horses, is a copper-nosed, jolly-faced, brisk little man, between forty-five and fifty-three years of age, with "a fair round belly," a kind of jerking halt in his gait, and a quite natural one-sided swing of his head.

"His here is by his eres round yshorn;
His top is docked like a priest beforn:
Ful longe is his leg, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff; there is no calf yseen,"

and "wel he loves garlike, onions and lekes, and for to drinke stronge wine as red as blood." His spouse, a very comely, good-natured, busy-bodied sort of a personage, he married, he tells me, just twenty years ago. She was a wild, sprightly young thing then, he adds, but has become steadier since, if not completely sobered by the *bonds* of matrimony. By her he has two daughters—one in her seventeenth and the other in her fifteenth year—*pulcherrimæ puellæ*; consequently became perfectly at home in their company, or at least it was not long before I was well acquainted with them; and, indeed, as for that matter, the eldest I suspect, is somewhat inclined to play the coquette with me, if I can judge by the silent glances of a pair of roguish blue eyes—but, "*nil nobis*," that's my affair. The hotel is a perfect establishment of the kind. The rooms are all spacious, well furnished, and well aired. The larder is full of the finest meats, and the cellar of the choicest liquors; and the whole premises kept in admirable neatness and order by the various chamber-maids, kitchen-girls and servant-men of the household: and although on my arrival several well-dressed waiters came to the door and offered me their services, with as much anxiety to please as my own footmen would have done after a hard hunting day at home, yet mine host suddenly stepped forward, and ordering them to prepare the "blue chamber" for Mr. *Shuttlecock*, lighted me to bed himself, and kindly told me, as we went up stairs, that I had only to express my wishes, when he and Mrs. ——, and in fact the whole family, would be at my devotion. "Heigh ho! *nunc Morpheus* exercise thy right," I exclaimed, the moment after my landlord bid me good night; and undressing myself as soon as possible, I flung myself upon the couch. Rang for the servant five times during the night—once to have him extinguish the candle which I had carelessly left burning in the fire place—once to request the lady in the contiguous room not to talk so much in her sleep—once to inquire what the hour was, having miscounted the number of times the neighbouring clock had just struck—once to ask what stange fellow it might be, who ever and anon bellowed out in the street,

"All's well, and a cloudy mornin,"

to the great discomfiture of all drowsy and dream-disposed citizens—and once to ascertain whether they breakfasted by day-light at the hotel, being determined to rise before I eat any thing, in order to save my appetite. However, and notwithstanding my determination, and although "*somnum ego hac nocte oculis non vidi meis*," I did not get a wink of sleep all *night* long, nevertheless I fairly overslept myself in the *morning*, and in fact was only roused from my slumbers by the tremendous ringing of the church bells. Threw up my window sash in great consternation—beheld the streets filled with people of every condition—what could it mean?—concluded there must be some terrible conflagration—hurried down stairs with nothing but my night-gown, nightcap, and slippers on—rushed headlong into the street, vociferating "Fire! Fire! Fire!" as furiously as if I had been an engineman. A crowd soon gathered around me. Continued running up and down, and crying out "Fire! Fire!" Men, women and children stood amazed—some pointed at me and said "There is no fire"—some that "the fellow is crazy, and ought to be carried to the hospital"—others, "What does he mean? Surely he is beside himself, for the bells are only ringing for divine service." Saw my error in an instant—recollected it was Sunday—skulked half ashamed back to the hotel. Mine host and landlady ran tittering up stairs—maids screamed in the kitchen—and a general peal of laughter burst from every part of the house. "Deil of a blunder," thought I, and made directly for the breakfast room. Sat down to table—no appetite, so much out of breath—heard two or three young bucks whispering in the corner—"D—d curious fellow—something of a quiz, I guess—wonder what he'll take for his head-piece?" Remembered that I still had my nightcap on. Unable to eat a morsel, from my fright about the fire—wished the whole town had been in flames—came near being choked to death in attempting to swallow a bowl of boiling-hot coffee—hopped and jumped about in great pain—flew to my chamber in a fit of madness—broke the bell wire in ringing for a servant—inquired for a barber—"Don't keep one, sir, in the house: get one from out doors then: shops all shut up, sir, by this time." "Go buy a razor then." "Nobody sells none, sir, of a Sunday." "Borrow one, then, of the Landlord." "He don't own any, sir." "March out of the room, then, about your business." Tried to shave with my penknife—dull as a hoe—cut my chin in twenty different places—gave up in despair—put on my best coat and trowsers—spilled a bottle *eu de Cologne* all over me, in endeavoring to wash my gashed face—forced to change my clothes, in order to get rid of the scented water—could not get my left boot on, nor my right one off—was compelled to wear one boot and one shoe—corn vexes me—sallied out to view the city. *Tempora mutantur*, nearly ten years since I resided in town, and the innovations, improvements, &c. that have crept in during that time are truly *mirabile visu*. Lanes widened, alleys lengthened, new streets formed, old ones repaired, and although they cross each other as often, and in as many different places as ever, yet they are much better paved, and consequently more passable than formerly. Nearly all old-fashioned mansions have disappeared, their places being supplied by others of more modern fashions; and new ones without number are rising up in every part of the city. The principal stores and public buildings, and a few dwelling-houses, are built of stone of a dirty grey colour—prefer the blue granite myself, both for beauty and durability—by the bye have a considerable quarry of the latter on my estate in the country, and though don't actually want money at present, think I should like to sell a few tons to my friends of the metropolis. *Mem.* To speak to the stone-cutter about it to-morrow.—Strolled down to the new market-house—consider it a great speculation of the Mayor's. *Quere.* Vonder (as the Frenchman would say) ven it vill be finish? Went to the Athenæum—could not get in—suppose because the door was locked. Bostonians are quite shrewd with respect to their names. Fort Hill—so called from the gun-house there. State-street, from the old state-house near the centre. Washington-street, from a hotel having a sign post with a picture of one Washington, a great warrior, painted on it, &c. &c. Passed into Tremont-street—unable to get over Pemberton Hill—at a loss to account for it—supposed, at length, it must be owing to the excavations lately made there. Corner of Hanover-street, two grey horses running away with a coach—stopped them—helped three ladies out—much obliged to me—begged to know to whom they were so much indebted—gave them my card, and was "off," as the fly said when he jumped out of the mustard pot. Brattle-street church. Saw half a cannon ball lodged over the door. *Quere.* Wonder how it came there? *Mem.* To ask the sexton of the parish. Walked to a wide, open plain, called "The Common." *Quere.* Whence does it derive its appellation? Must be from the number of *common* people that congregate there. *Ranarum Stagnum.* Frog Pond—bathed in it—miserable hole—water muddy, and not more than three feet deep—suspect it must be owing to the shallowness of the place—saw several frogs leaping about, and heard others croaking aloud, like those of Aristophanes—

"Bree, chex, coax, coax, oop, oop."

Inquired of a boy what ailed them? He replied, that "they were celebrating the death of one *Godong*, a Frenchman, and a great eater of frog pies." My curiosity excited. Listened attentively—distinguished words. Old frogs would cry out in a grum voice, "Old *Godong's* dead! Old *Godong's* dead!" Young ones would answer, in a sharp tone, "I'm glad on't—I'm glad on't"—and then they would all join in a chorus of "So are we all! So are we all!" Reminded me of a story I have in manuscript, of some Frogs and one Log of Wood, a King, together with a serpent and one Jupiter Olympus, a God—it is little known now-a-days. *Mem.* To publish it for the benefit of the rising generation. Cut my name upon the bark of the great tree. *Arbor frondosa.* Viewed the Mill-Dam.—Nothing to say about it at present.—Examined the flats belonging to the city. *Quere.* If well filled with trees, would they not form a grand public garden. *Mem.* To speak to the Mayor about it.—State-house.—Knocked at the gate.—No one came to admit me.—Apprehended it is uninhabited.—Gazed at the edifice from the street.—Observed staging erected around it.—Conjectured that galleries are building on the outside. Great improvement.—Lost my way twice.—entered the Coach and Horses just as the dinner-bell rang, hungry as a bear.—Sat down to the *table d'hote*. Eat like a trencherman.—Drank wine, smoked, and talked about virtue and morality all the afternoon.

GEORGIA WEDDING. It appears from the Darien paper that Mr. John Odena lately invited his friends to his wedding, and a ball which he gave in honour of the event. The company assembled, the magistrate and fiddlers were present, as well as the bride and bridegroom. The bride being solicited to receive the ring, she peremptorily refused, observing that she had changed her mind. The company thinking the bride had only been seized with a momentary whim, ordered the musician to strike up "haste to the wedding," when she and John Odena immediately began dancing, and all the company joined in. The bride after the dance still continued to refuse her hand to John Odena, and the lady hostess of the house, fearful, perhaps, that some unpleasant disputes might arise, entered the room with a club, and drove the whole company into the street.—*D. Adv.*

Will Webster, of Stanford, sold as good a cup of ale as ever mantled in a beer glass. He was bred a baker, and, as is common in the country, he also sold bread, and it was as usual for working people to call for a penny loaf as a penny-worth of ale at his house.

A man came one day for six penny loaves.—Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room—and after they had been delivered to him he said, 'Master Webster, take one of your loaves back. I'll have but five, and bring me a penny-worth of ale, *that* will make up the sixpense, all the same, you know.' The ale was brought him, and he gave a loaf for it, drank it and called for another, and another, and another, until he had exchanged the six loaves for six penny-worths of ale; then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread, which he believed would be quite as good for health; and was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid. "*Paid! for what?*" said the fellow. "For my bread," answered the landlord. "Your bread—have you not had it again?"—"Why then pay me for the ale," answered the publican. "I gave you bread for it," answered the defendant. "That is true, answered Boniface, "yet *somehow* I think I am cheated, but if ever you *bother* me again, call me *cut*, that's all, you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in."

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE OF A MONKEY.

A highly gifted nobleman was struck at Freemark Fair with a peculiar waggishness in the expression of a common monkey, and immediately purchased him. Pug was carried on board his yacht, and made fast in the cabin. The day was very hot. The Marquis, having exerted himself with rowing, and in working his vessel, had thrown aside his neckcloth, and unbuttoned his shirt collar: being an absent man, he sat down in this unfashionable trim to eat some hot chops and potatoes. Pug had dexterously managed to divide the cord which fastened him; and having cast a longing eye on the viands spread before his lordship, made a spring to the centre of the table, seizing as he passed a smoking-hot potato, which, with great quickness and address, he popped down the back of his lordship's neck with one paw, while he seized the chops on his plate with the other, and skipped off with his prize up the companion-ladder and was soon safe in the rigging: while the Marquis was hallooing and dancing with a burning-hot potato down his back.

MR BECK—As there has been a tarnal touse in the South Papers 'bout eels and other fish stories, I should like to have you tell um what a darned good shot I made some while ago.—I wanted to go a gunning. Father, says he, you shan't—I'm fearful you'll harm yourself: but I'd sooner you'd do that, than burst the piece. So thinks es I, I'll try a cross bow—Well, out I goes, and the first thing I seed to shoot at, was a crow. I let slip, and as luck would have it, an eagle came skimming along, and I brought um both into the pond. They fell so dreadful heavy upon two wild ducks, they killed um both stone dead. I waided in arter um, and got all four—but felt a terrible tickling behind. I found, (as cousin Siah says, and he is a sailor feilow, for he has been twice to the Shoals,) the *starn sheets* of my trousers, chock full of Eels. JONATHYAN.

N. H. Gazette.

A quaker in a stage coach with an officer observed that his sword was very troublesome. All my enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

HOUSE & LAND
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Stand which he now occupies—consisting of a good two-story *DWELLING-HOUSE*, well finished, and in good repair—containing four Rooms on the floor, four Chambers, and a good Cellar. A Wood-House, Barn, and a two-story *STORE*, all finished. A good rain-water Cistern, and a Well of water under cover. Three fourths of an acre of LAND, including a Garden, &c.

Also, the West part of Lot numbered 15, in the 6th Range of lots in Paris, containing fifty-four acres, well walled in, and is excellent grass and tillage Land.

Also, seven small Lots of *LAND*—containing from ten to twenty-one acres each—a part of which is as good and well wooded as any in town, the other is good pasturage and tillage land, and is well fenced on the road. Said Land is a part of Lot numbered 11, in the Fourth Range of Lots in Paris.

Likewise, one and a fourth acre of *LAND*, situated about three fourths of a mile from the Court-House in Paris, on which is an excellent stream of water, with a good fall, which, with a very little expense, might be converted into one of the best situations for a tanner, in the County.

The above property will be sold either together or separately, as will best suit the purchaser, and on terms which cannot fail to please. For further information, please call on the subscriber.

A plan of the above property may be seen by calling on ASA BARTON, Esq. at the *Oxford Bookstore*.

RUSSELL HUBBARD.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....*Bethel.*

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of the Lands hereinafter mentioned, in the town of Bethel, County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, for collection, for the State, County and Town, and School Taxes for 1825, and for deficiency of Highway Tax for 1824, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Proprietor's names.	*Range.*	*No. of Lot.*	*No. of Acres.*	*State & Co. Tax.*	*Town & School Tax.*	*Deficiency of Highway Tax.*	*Total.*
				c.	c.	c.	
N. Bigsby,	1	9	100	12	26		38
Do.	1	10	100	14	29		43
Unknown,	1	12	100	12	26	84	1 22
J. Walker,	1	13	50	6	13		19
C. Studson,	1	21	100	16	34		50
Unknown,	2	4	100	12	26	84	1 22
Amasa Clark,	2	15	100	12	26	84	1 22
Unknown,	2	16	100	19	21		31
Wm. Reed,	2	17	100	12	26		38
A. Gage,	2	19	100	12	26		38
Wm. Reed,	2	21	100	10	26		36
J. Grover,	2	23	75	10	21		31
E. Richardson,	2	23	100	12	26		38
Wm. Russell,	3	4	100	12	26		38
N. Bigsby,	3	9	100	10	21		31
Unknown,	3	11	100	16	34	29	79
Do.	3	12	100	6	13	35	54
D. Grout,	3	20	100	12	26		38
—— Little,	3	22	20	6	13		19
E. Rowe,	3	24	100	14	30		44
Unknown,	3	26	100	12	26		38
I. Town, agt.	3	27	100	14	29		43
Unknown,	4	3	100	8	17		25
Do.	4	2	100			20	20
J. Ellenwood,	4	24	50	10	21	30	61
C. Twichell,	8	28	100	12	26		38
E. Rowe, agt.	9	30	50	10	21		31
D. Grout,	9	29	100	10	20	44	74
E. Chapman, agt.	10	25	100	14	29		43
Unknown,	10	27	20	3	6		9
Do.	11	20	32			20	20
Do.	11	21	28			20	20
Do.	11	22	20			15	16

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before *Monday* the *twenty-seventh day* of *March next*, so much of said land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Store of O'NEIL W. ROBINSON, in said Bethel, at one of the clock in the afternoon of said day.

AARON MASON, *Collector.*

Bethel, Feb. 3, 1826. 6

To the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Judge of Probate, of Wills, &c.

WE the undersigned, your Petitioners, heirs in common to the Real estate of AMOS TRASK, late of *Dixfield*, Gentleman, deceased, humbly sheweth, that we wish to hold our shares of said real estate in severalty, according to our respective ownerships. We therefore pray that your Honour would order a division of the same, as the law in such cases provides.

PETER TRASK,
SILAS BARNARD,
BENJA. CHAPLIN,
MOSES PARK, } *Guardian to Louisa Trask and Susan Trask.*

Dated at Dixfield, Jan. 23, 1826.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

UPON the foregoing Petition, ORDERED—That the Petitioners give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of said Petition with this Order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the Petitioners should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy of the Petition and Order thereon.
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, *Register.* 6

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term in Hebron Academy, will commence on the thirteenth day of March next, under the care of Mr. SIMEON PERKINS, *A. M.* who gave such general satisfaction to the Superintending Committee and Students the last Term.—Youths of both sexes are again invited to try the advantages of this Institution.

JOHN TRIPP, *Secretary.*

Feb. 14, 1826. 6

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